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DECEMBER 1945

The American Mercury

OUR POLITICAL FAILURE IN GERMANY

William Bayles

VETERANS AND UNION RULES

Jack Schuyler

BEHIND THE LONDON FIASCO

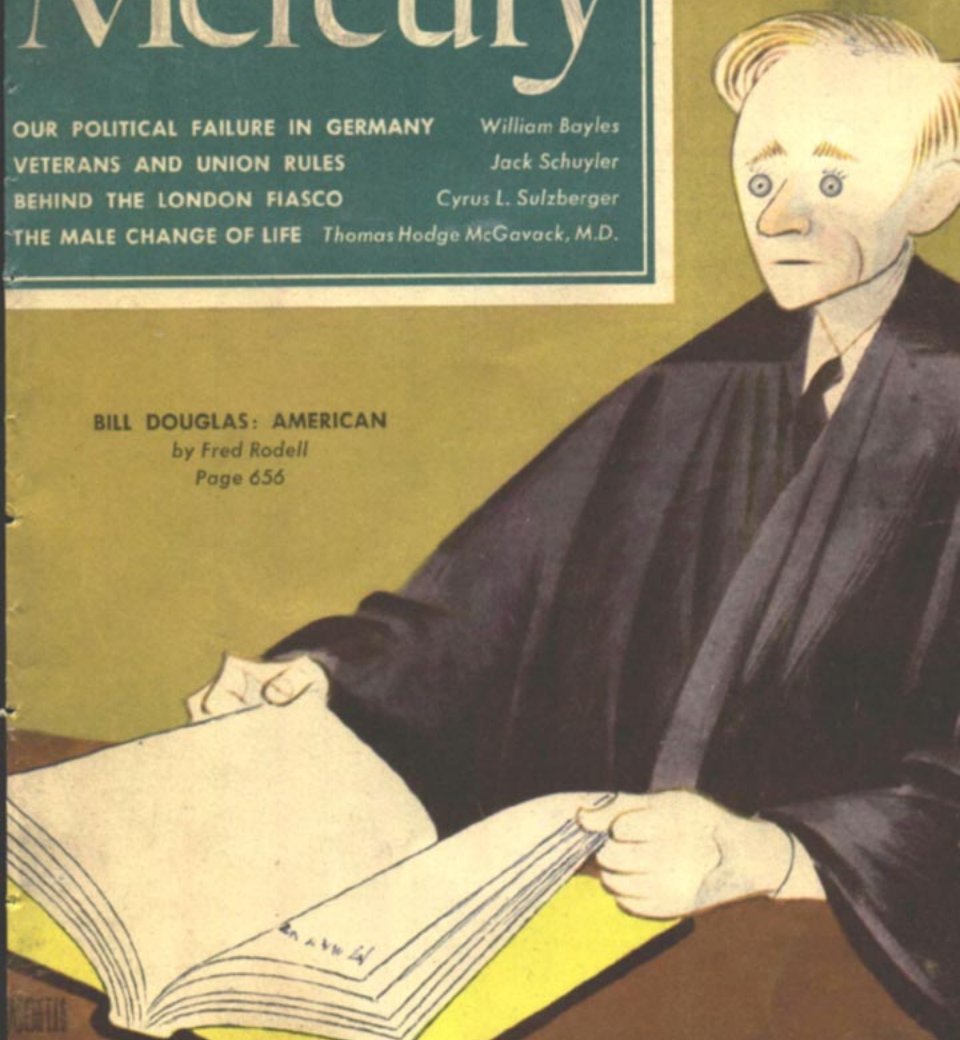
Cyrus L. Sulzberger

THE MALE CHANGE OF LIFE Thomas Hodge McGavack, M.D.

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Page 656



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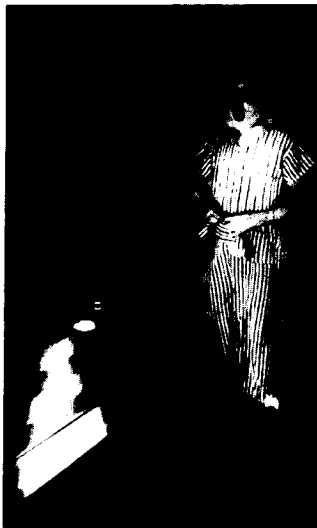
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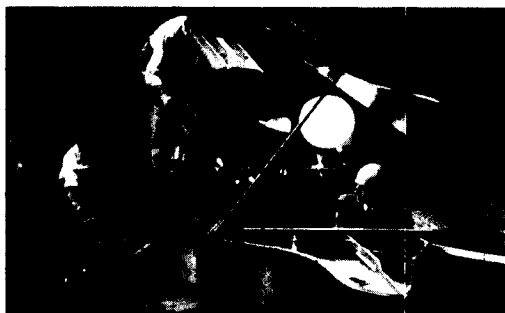
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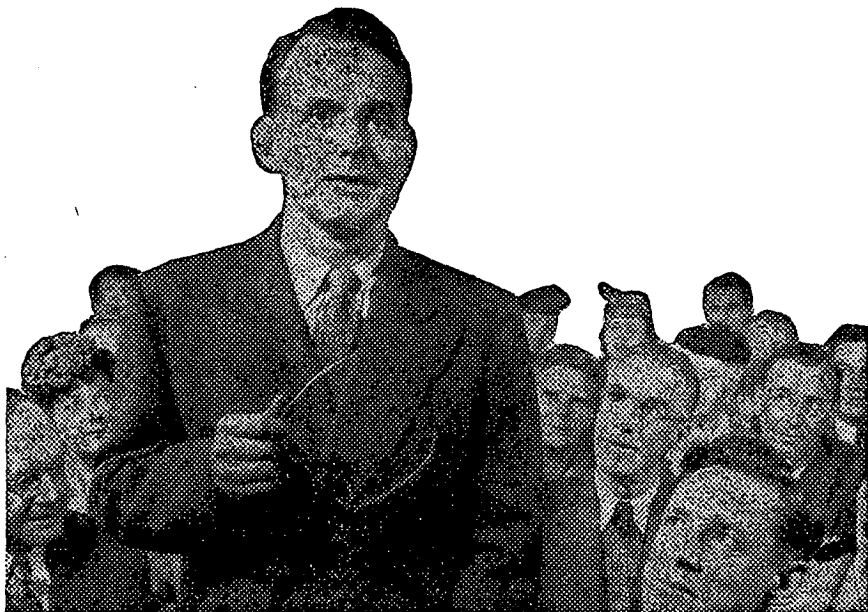
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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

USSR FOREIGN POLICY, by Victor A. Yakhontoff. \$3.50. *Coward-McCann*. There is no need to worry about Stalin's foreign policy, according to the author of this strange book: "In no case on the entire [Russian] frontier did the Soviet government force its own political ideas on the occupied countries." The Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939 was, needless to say, a "brilliant and successful stroke of Soviet diplomacy." When the Russians invaded Poland in that year, the Polish people welcomed them with open arms. Unfortunately, this book went to press before the London Conference of Foreign Ministers, but a second edition will surely make it clear, with plenty of "facts," that Russia alone stood for international co-operation at London against the whole world. And, in case one suspects that this "history" was manufactured in the Kremlin, the publisher reassures one by describing the author as a former Tsarist general.

MY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN CHINA, by John B. Powell. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. The editor of the *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai has written an absorbing narrative of political China from 1917 to 1945, and of his own remarkable career in that country. Although he includes the sensational details of his own kidnapping and ends with an account of his imprisonment by the Japanese and his release as an eighty-pound skeleton with rotted feet, this is not primarily a horror story. Powell understands China from Communists to Chiang Kai-shek, Chamber of Commerce imperialists and State Department amateurs, and he has brought them all very effectively into his twenty-five year newsreel.

FOREVER CHINA, by Robert Payne. \$3.50. *Dodd, Mead*. This is the prose diary of a poet, reflecting the colors, moods and dreams of the world's most fascinating people. It is a pleasant relief from political arguments.

(Continued on page 762)

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of *The American Mercury*, published monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1945. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph W. Ferman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The American Mercury* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: *Publisher and Editor*, Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; *Managing Editor*, Charles Angoff, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; *Business Manager*, Joseph W. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., New York. 2. That the owners are: *The American Mercury, Inc.*; Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Joseph W. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Mildred Falk, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. J. W. Ferman, *Business Manager*. Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 17th day of September, 1945. Gertrude J. Huebner, *Notary Public*. [Seal] (My commission expires March 30, 1946.)

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The American MERCURY

OUR POLITICAL FAILURE IN GERMANY

BY WILLIAM BAYLES

OUT of the quagmire of confusion, obfuscation, distortion and suppression of truth that constitutes present-day Central Europe, two facts that should bring pride and anger to American hearts emerge: American GIs won the war in Europe, and American brass hats are helping to lose the peace. Lest this statement be dismissed as an irresponsible generality, I hasten to admit that some of our generals also helped win the war, and everyone knows that a great number of other people are contributing substantially toward losing the peace.

As belated moves to replace military government with civil control testify to its evident failure, it behooves the American public to insist

on a post mortem of our military-control fiasco in Europe, not for the purpose of accusing or blaming, but to uncover and analyze the causes of failure so that in the future they may not be repeated. It is with the intention of presenting evidence at the post-mortem hearing that the following material, based on personal observations during an extensive tour of Germany, is presented.

Our military control of Germany was performed by occupation troops under their officers and AMGOT. Although separate in theory, the two were integrated by virtue of army rules and regulations, and both answered to a single supreme head. The weakness of the system lay in its rigid army framework, which made

WILLIAM BAYLES, who has spent many years traveling throughout Europe as a correspondent, was recently an official American observer in Germany. He has written for many magazines and is the author of *Caesars in Goose Step*.

it inelastic, cumbersome and inefficient. Orders, recommendations and requests could be made only through "channels," which at times extended as far as Washington. Criticism inside the system was practically eliminated by army rules and regulations, and after several junior officers had been promptly "busted" for calling attention to obvious incompetence in high places, the others learned the virtues of silence. Nor could an officer register protest or admit inadequacy by quitting his job. Responsibility was so distributed that none but the deeply conscientious had cause to worry.

Theoretically, AMGOT controlled civil administration, but high-ranking zone military commanders could and did interfere with AMGOT activities. The final authority in practice was the commanding general whose troops occupied an area, and field commanders sometimes exhibited their contempt for chair-borne AMGOT officers by deliberately confusing them.

Army channels worked as slowly downward as upward with the result that there was constant discussion and argument among junior officers charged with control duties — but few clear directives. After listening to a worried major in the Rhineland recite some of his control worries, I asked him what kind of directives he received. "The only directives I get," he replied, "are what I pick up from six-week-old copies of the *New York Times*. No one over here ever tells us anything."

Among the military-control officers were many able administrators, about

the same number of Little Caesars, and a few who used their posts purely for personal gratification, as was the case in one German town where the local commander frequently called in the dignified old German *Buergermeister* and ordered, "Mueller, have four bottles of good champagne and two blondes at my quarters tomorrow night at eight or you'll have an accident." Men of ability in civil life who volunteered for military government posts found themselves hamstrung by military regulations and practices, and the prevailing attitude among military careerists who formed many of the higher echelons of the control organization was not to jeopardize their position or chance of promotion by encouraging or permitting conspicuous activity. They were happy to keep their desks clean by pushing responsibility for every decision one rank higher. Frankfort was the final resort for decisions, and it soon acquired among military and civilian personnel working in Germany a meaning synonymous with Moscow or London. Referring a matter to Frankfort meant shelving it indefinitely. The result was stagnation, which might have been effective from a control point of view had German stomachs and spirits not protested.

II

With European history full of the grim struggle of the people to achieve unity and the abolition of regional boundaries, the first act of our mili-

tary supreme-control authority was to break Germany into dozens of zones, each ruled by an American officer with supreme local authority. Activity was thereby confined to zones, and the exchange of goods essential to any revival of normal life was greatly complicated. Germans could travel only with a pass, which permitted them to leave the zone in which they were confined but did not guarantee that they would not be imprisoned when they entered another zone.

Trucks hauling food from one zone to another were sometimes confiscated by local commanders and their drivers interned. In one instance, three truckloads of potatoes, food for a near-starving community, were held up at a zone boundary and the drivers imprisoned. When the trucks were finally released after standing in the open for weeks, the potatoes were a rotten mess of stinking pulp. I saw this mess being doled out in buckets to queues of German housewives, who apparently reasoned that rotten potatoes were better than no potatoes. The person responsible was a young American major who had exercised his Caesarian right to stop the trucks from leaving his territory and had then referred the matter to Frankfurt.

The coal situation was similar, even in the Ruhr where piles of coal dot the landscape. A German baker officially authorized to bake bread could not purchase a load of coal from the nearest mine but had to apply in writing through the local *Buergermei-*

ster and military government. The request went up through channels to the Ruhr or Rhine Coal Control, both British-dominated groups, and in the fullness of time permission to buy a load of coal was relayed down through channels to the baker, who in the meantime had either bought his coal through the black market or closed up his shop and gone vagabonding.

In one interesting case, a colonel ordered a large German chemical plant to produce certain commodities needed for the troops and civilian population. A second colonel, in whose adjoining territory the power station serving the plant was located, agreed after some delay to permit the power station to operate but the Ruhr Coal Control then refused to supply coal to the power station. The case went to Frankfurt and at the end of five months was still awaiting a decision.

The Germans had an answer to this confusion that certainly saved American face. Convinced that American efficiency and ability are not inferior to their own, they assumed that the bungling of our military control was part of a policy of punishing Germany by making everything impossible.

Occasionally an area commander asserted his power against American civilian missions sent to Germany to make special studies. "If ah ketch any nosey bastard snoopin' around in mah territory," a commanding general told me with revealing accent, "ah jest let him cool his heels in jail for a few days and then ah have him kicked

out." The territory over which the general held absolute sway included several vital technical centers. Only after weeks of delay and a trip to Frankfort were American scientific missions able to circumvent the general and study the factories. Fortunately the military police in these zones were mostly reasonable fellows, but costly delays that gave Germans time to hide valuable documents sometimes resulted from brass-hat Caesarism.

To American scientists and investigators working in Germany it seemed logical that in addition to finding out what the Germans had achieved during the five-year black-out period of war, we should also take advantage of their best brains. And far more important from a national security point of view, we should prevent those brains from going to other countries. The men who directed Germany's atomic research, for example, or developed her V-weapons should not be left in a position to contribute their knowledge and skill to a power which conceivably could one day oppose the United States. Our military control not only had no policy except to treat all Germans alike, but it effectively blocked attempts by individual groups to remove German experts from Germany or sometimes even to secure permission for them to travel to other zones in Germany. The army attitude was expressed by a very important brass hat in Frankfort, who said, "Why should we let a Kraut pick up and go to the States

just because he can make gasoline out of coal. We've got all the gasoline we need." The answer was "No" all down the line, and when it was finally revised recently, the cream of the German scientific force was no longer available.

From the day the war ended, the Russian radio coaxed top German scientists in the British and American zones to come to Russia by offering them flattering inducements, including large salaries, complete personal freedom, the privilege of having their families with them, and unlimited research facilities. In their own zone the Russians naturally did no coaxing. The entire personnel of large German plants from directors to scrub women were sent off to Russia together with every intact piece of the plant equipment. The vast Leuna plant near Leipzig, which produced a substantial percentage of Germany's wartime gasoline, chemicals and explosives, survived twenty-two heavy air attacks. When captured by American forces, it was able, with local repairs, to reach almost 75 per cent of capacity production. The Americans held Leuna until the middle of summer, then turned it over to the Russians as part of the boundary agreement.

During the entire period of American control, moves to remove the top scientists and technicians were frustrated by the military commanders. When the Russians arrived, the familiar curtain of secrecy descended, but weeks later a chemist who had es-

caped from the plant and managed to enter American territory revealed that the Russians were rounding up all who had ever worked at the plant and sending them off in batches to Russia. They were also dismantling the plant. The remark of a typical example of army brass on learning this fact was revealing. "It'd be nice if we could find out where they are building it," he said. "Someday we'll probably have to bomb it."

Army orders against preferential treatment of Germans considerably complicated relations between American investigators and top-flight German scientists. All Germans held for interrogation had to be treated as prisoners of war. The result was that experts well aware of their importance resented their treatment and refused to be collaborative, or in some cases elderly men suffered physical hardship and were therefore unable to assist.

One very typical case bears telling. An outstanding German expert was brought to one of the Allied interrogation centers to assist a group of American scientists sent to investigate certain German research. In order to conceal the man from the military commander and save him from the cold army treatment, the scientists finally hit upon the unique idea of hiding him in the local brothel, which was off-limits for military personnel and unlikely to be searched. There he lived for weeks and rendered valuable assistance. The scientists paid the bill for his residence at the brothel.

III

In handling Russian relations the brass hats did what may turn out to be a serious disservice to peace by concealing the true situation and setting up a flimsy fabric of pretense. The official story was one of complete Allied harmony with exchanges of official visits by generals; no war correspondent cared to get himself into trouble by reporting otherwise. Actually relations between ourselves and the Russians gave rise to anxiety and not a little anger, particularly in the border regions.

Practically every observer I talked with in Germany felt that the Russians were deliberately provocative and often openly challenging. In broadcasting to the Germans, the Berlin radio, controlled solely by the Russians, strove to foment trouble in the American and British zones by repeatedly asking such questions as: "Who bombed your cities and wantonly destroyed your cultural centers? Why don't the Americans, who have now grabbed the resources of two continents, feed you? Why don't the Americans release your men from prison camps so that they can provide for you and protect you? Why do the Americans discourage fraternization? Is it because they regard the Germans as inferior creatures fit only to lick their boots?" There were also specific cases of incitement to violence, as when the Russian radio told Communists in western Germany that their foremost enemy was "the capi-

talist power whose arrogant suppression of free political development must be met with force."

In broadcasts to Europeans, the Russians carefully played down their rôle as victors and lumped themselves and the rest of the Europeans as victims of western capitalist rapacity. At the same time they teased the miserable Germans in the western zones with glowing accounts of the proletarian paradise in their own area. The accounts bore no relationship to the true facts, of course, but the effect on western Germans was very marked.

American broadcasting stations in Europe were not allowed to refute Russian statements or even to cite evident truths because the fiction of harmony had to be maintained. GIs were often horrified and angered by what they saw in the border territory, but references were censored out of their letters. One consequence of this suppression of information has been that the American public has never received a true picture of the actual political situation in Germany.

A vastly more serious consequence is the drawing of Germany into the Russian orbit. It is ridiculous to maintain that we are not interested in Germany as a future political force. Even defeated, she is still the most potent power unit in Central Europe. It is equally ridiculous to insist — as some of our politicians still do — that there is no bloc-building in Europe. Russia has worked diligently throughout the war to build up a powerful Communist

bloc, and Germany was naturally the prize upon which she set her eye. Although practically every German was by nature inclined toward the western powers and saw a natural affinity with them, we did nothing to encourage this feeling and finally Germans began to succumb in great numbers to Russian blandishments. It seems slightly incredible that, while exerting almost exaggerated effort to preserve Japan from Communism, a more vital nation should have been allowed through neglect and concealment of facts to drift in that direction.

Personal relations between Americans and Russians were allowed to exist as a purely one-way affair. Only with the greatest difficulty and delay could an American enter Russian territory for any purpose whatever. In one case, the Russians did allow a group of American scientists to make a survey of the big new synthetic rubber plant at Auschwitz. When their data had all been assembled, however, the Russians confiscated the information on the pretext that it had to be cleared by Moscow. Instead of getting tough, Frankfort merely warned members of research missions that the Russians did not like to have Americans snooping around in their territory and might express their disapproval by imprisoning the snooper in some local jail and forgetting about him.

Russian groups, on the other hand, were constantly touring American and British territory. It was agreed at Yalta that the Russians should

have not only whatever they wanted from their own territory, but 15 per cent of the resources of the American and British zones. Since it is difficult to estimate 15 per cent of the total resources of a vast territory, the Russians settled the question by demanding practically everything movable, including railway tracks and high tension cables. Commissions worked throughout the summer cataloguing items for removal. While I was participating in a survey of a large synthetic rubber plant in western Germany, a British and a Russian commission arrived at the plant. The British announced that they were working out the most efficient way to destroy the plant because Britain intended to have no German competition in the postwar rubber market. The Russians said nothing, but the nature of their investigations indicated clearly that they were cataloguing the plant for dismantling and removal to Russia.

In failing to control inter-Allied finances in Germany our military authorities revealed incompetence; in failing to disclose the situation they violated the trust of millions of American taxpayers who will have to foot the bill. Occupation marks were printed for the use of United States troops and in order to maintain currency unity, the plates were supplied to both the British and the Russians to print their currency. The British played the game but the Russians saw an opportunity to put one over on the capitalist powers and proceeded to flood the Reich with marks, which

were not redeemable in rubles but could be exchanged by American soldiers for dollars. Practically every Russian soldier carried thousands of marks in his pockets and explained his wealth with the tale that he had just received three months' back wages. Russian ex-slave workers also had pockets stuffed with marks and insisted with rehearsed consistency that they had taken them from Germans, which of course was untrue because the Germans had no occupation marks.

According to an estimate by the *New York Times*, 30,000,000 marks passed from Russian to American hands during the first month of the Berlin occupation, and these were redeemed by the Treasury Department. Steps were taken later to limit the amount of occupation money a soldier could convert in a single month, but the inflation still goes on and American soldiers are selling watches, fountain pens, cameras and even pieces of military equipment to Russians for piles of paper marks — which cost the Russians nothing but which the GIs confidently hope will be redeemed for dollars.

IV

The concentration camp situation offered an admonishing example of brass-hat inability to deal with an emergency. The problem had not been foreseen and consequently nothing had been planned. When the camps were liberated and thrown open, the

25-35 per cent of the inmates who were actual criminals — for Germany used the camps as prisons for murderers and criminals of all kinds — immediately decamped. The 65-75 per cent who were there because of their religion, politics or nationality, and who were generally in a more pitiful condition because they had been preyed on by the tougher criminal elements, stayed in the camps awaiting assistance. While the military commanders were attempting to solve these problems, killings, robbery and rape began throughout the countryside, and because of their striped uniforms and shaved heads it was fairly easy to implicate released camp inmates. Then the military commanders showed their annoyance. "Escaped" inmates were rounded up, GI instead of SS guards were posted, and persons who had suffered persecution for years again found themselves prisoners. Appeals by United States observers who were appalled by the state of affairs proved of little avail.

The decent persons who did manage to leave the camps soon found that they were worse off outside than inside. When they were originally imprisoned, they lost their German citizenship and identity papers, which entitled them to food rations. Consequently when liberated, they were unable to obtain the food rations allowed the other Germans. Nor were any steps taken to compel local German authorities, many of them holdovers from the Nazi régime, to give

them new ration books. The result was that many inmates voluntarily returned to the camps.

A German Jewish woman serving in one of the officers' messes told me that her husband had escaped from Dachau a few weeks before and that she was hiding him in the attic of her house. Defying non-fraternization rules, I visited him and found a man slowly dying as the result of three years of brutal persecution. He told me that he had left Dachau when it was liberated, but had collapsed on the highway and was picked up by an American patrol. After two days in a local jail, he was sent to another camp at Feldafing near Munich. He later escaped from this camp with the assistance of a GI guard and made his way home. When I indignantly expressed my intention of taking the case to General Patton's headquarters, both the man and his wife begged me in alarm not to do so because it would only lead to his arrest again and he wanted to die at home.

Fraternization — generally interpreted as a little friendship or a little love between a lonely GI and a German girl — was at first severely banned and then permitted to a limited extent. No word was said in Frankfurt, and correspondents discreetly refrained from reporting the much more dangerous fraternization between certain control officers and members of the German aristocracy and influential families. Hostesses from some of the "fine old families" saw the advantage of friendship with

American officers, and drawing-room teas were soon flourishing in old ancestral castles or modern villas.

It goes without saying that this kind of fraternization was more dangerous than the fraternization of a GI who kisses a German girl in a dark doorway. One of its results was the infiltration of clever Nazis into responsible positions and the shielding of others. Favoritism and petty graft were by-products.

As I asserted in my opening paragraph, the GI won the war in Europe. The Russians in eastern Germany were sitting precariously at the end of extended supply lines and unable to advance. The British token army in the north was bogged down. It was the hard-hitting American armies that broke the shell of German resistance and made it possible for our Allies to move. I mention this as a preface to a much more significant fact: the Germans universally admitted that the GI was their conqueror. A German major-general told me, "In addition to all your other impressive American achievements, you have now developed the ideal soldier — every inch a conqueror."

The prestige which the GI gave us in Germany was largely dissipated by the military-control officers who followed the combat troops. Most of these men, as a result of their own conduct, impressed the Germans as pale reflections of their own officers. Lacking the natural self-confidence

of the GI, many of the military-government officers adopted German practices such as heel-clicking, waist-bowing, and a general aping of Prussian "form." The result was sometimes ludicrous and never impressive. Supreme headquarters at Frankfort finally came to resemble a military fashion parade in a second-rate Hollywood production. Swagger sticks were adopted from the British, and occasionally an attempt was made to master the art of wearing a monocle. Cap fronts were pushed high and pointed in imitation of the German, and much emphasis was placed on correct dress. After traveling several hundred miles by jeep to bring information to Frankfort, I was refused admission to supreme headquarters because I was in improper uniform. These things could be written off as excusable foibles except that the Germans noticed and commented on them, and their respect for the control officers correspondingly decreased.

After sifting and evaluating the major and minor causes for our regrettable control fiasco in Germany, the American people and their government representatives must eventually face the question of whether men who have crowned a career of anonymous segregation in peacetime military routine with a few months of over-publicized heroics in the field are equipped for the task of governing a defeated, smashed, hungry country.

BILL DOUGLAS, AMERICAN

BY FRED RODELL

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS would today be President of the United States if it were not for three men.

The first is Robert Hannegan, shrewd and ruthless boss of last year's Democratic Convention who, as unofficial campaign manager for Harry Truman, disregarded the wishes and distorted the orders of his weary Party Chieftain back in Washington in order to wangle for Truman the other place on the Democratic ticket.

The second is not-so-shrewd Sidney Hillman who, even while his PAC was still whooping it up for Wallace, made a secret deal with the bosses and the Bourbons of the Party to take mild Truman in preference to tough Douglas — after the two names had been coupled in the Presidential note that put an end to Henry Wallace's chances.

The third man responsible is Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas himself.

For Douglas, as all the insiders knew, was Franklin D. Roosevelt's first choice as a running-mate. He had been FDR's first choice in 1940 as

well, but this time the pressure was stronger. Lurking in the backs of many minds — perhaps in the President's own — was a vague presentiment of some such tragedy as occurred on April 12; as the talk went, "the Democrats are nominating two Presidents."

But Douglas would listen to no such talk and he would not be a candidate. He rated the Supreme Court as more important than the Vice-Presidency and said so. Weeks before the Convention he took himself off, as he does every summer, to his remote fishing cabin in the Wallowa Mountains of Oregon. He left behind with his close friend, the late Senator Maloney of Connecticut, strict instructions to keep his name off the floor of the Convention and a power of attorney to withdraw his name if some overzealous backer should propose it.

Despite his desires and instructions, Douglas might well have been drafted for the ticket — at the personal plea of the late President — had it not been for Hannegan and Hillman.

FRED RODELL, writer and professor of law at Yale, has contributed many articles to national magazines and is the author of several books. Among the latter are *Fifty-Five Men: The Story of the Constitution*, *Woe Unto You, Lawyers*, and *Democracy and the Third Term*.

And Douglas may yet enter the White House — under his own steam — in 1949 or 1953.

For a growing group who know the man — a group now centered in Washington and the Far West but spreading throughout the nation — have long regarded him as prime Presidential timber. A newspaper man has called him “the kind of fellow that most politicians’ press agents wish their politicians were.” Why?

In part this is the result of his homespun background and his fabulous rise from rags to fame. Americans love the sort of success story which takes a poor preacher’s son from a country town to New York, riding blind baggage part of the way, in search of a legal education — and then, sixteen short years after he arrives in Manhattan with a two-week beard and six cents in his pocket, has him appointed to the Supreme Court at the age of forty, the youngest Justice in more than a century. That, in brief, is Douglas’s story.

In part, Douglas’s political appeal is due to the way he looks and talks and behaves. Six feet of lanky, gangling frame, topped by an untamed cow-lick; a tough but expressive mouth that moves with his mind; direct blue-gray eyes that can turn from stone-cold to merry; a raw and rough-cut air which has no polish or pose or pretension. He looks like a man you can trust and like a dangerous enemy. Straightforwardness and simplicity are written all over him.

Simplicity also marks his language;

his words are short, salty, often profane, and they come out dry. He has no truck with smoothness or suavity or studied generalities. His Sunday laugh is a guffaw. Equally informal is his manner; he can act like a Supreme Court Justice when he has to, but he resents being treated like one. It is of the essence of his personality that everyone who knows him, even slightly, automatically calls him Bill.

II

His detractors in Washington — and there are many in the soft and social liberal set — may snicker among themselves at his mail-order suits, at his Western hat worn to formal functions, or even at the plain, forthright and non-selfconsciously-literary style in which he words his judicial opinions. What they can’t quite laugh off, try as they may, is the simple and central fact that Douglas is, in every sense of the word, a *man*.

He proved this to the hilt during his fighting chairmanship of the SEC, where his bitterest enemies in financial circles soon came to respect his ability, his integrity and courage. He took on that holy of Wall Street holies, the New York Stock Exchange, and forced it to transform itself from a “private gambling club” into a semi-public institution. During this battle, the Exchange’s entrenched Old Guard tried to call what they thought was Douglas’s bluff. Failing, they greatly feared he would take over the Exchange in the name of the government.

"When you do," said their spokesman, a trifle haughtily, "don't forget we've been running the Exchange for 150 years. There may be a few things we can tell you."

"Thanks," replied Douglas. "There's just one thing we'd like very much to know. Where do you keep the pencils and paper?"

The remark was neither bravado nor wild-eyed business baiting. Babson's "95 per cent Republican" *Reports* were urging at the time that clients "get behind William O. Douglas. He is fighting for legitimate investors." And Douglas, though he had no desire to take over the Exchange, was fully prepared to run it if he had to.

He was that sort of executive. He never bluffed; he never moved until fortified with sufficient facts, information and knowledge to follow all the way through to the finish.

It is his record, as head of the SEC, of hitting hard and clean and always dead on the mark that leads many to rate Douglas as the finest administrator the New Deal produced. Without disparaging his work on the Court, they have hated to see his executive talent lie fallow. During the war, they strongly pushed his appointment as WPB head, as manpower director, as Secretary of War, as Federal Loan Administrator, as economic stabilizer — only to see each suggestion squelched by the jealous "palace guard" that used to surround FDR at the White House. Immediately after Roosevelt's death,

the move to get Douglas back into an executive post mounted in intensity, spurred by what seemed to some an obligation on Truman's part because of FDR's note to the 1944 Convention. But with the war over, Douglas is less likely to join the Truman Administration. The loss will be Truman's — and the nation's.

Above and beyond the political appeal that lies in his personality, his rapid rise and his executive skill, Douglas looms as the man who might best consolidate the unquestioned achievements of the New Deal with a progressive expanding capitalism, free of unnecessary state controls. Despite his absolute personal loyalty to FDR — whom he called "the Boss" and against whom he would never utter a word — his very silence often betrayed his acute discomfort at certain Roosevelt policies and personnel; he used to deplore, without naming any names, "the incompetent, the tired and the ill-concealed agents of special interests."

He is forever coupling the words "democracy" and "capitalism" together. His book, *Democracy and Finance*, for instance, concludes with a plea for the "strengthening and invigoration of both capitalism and democracy."

At his first press conference as SEC chairman, he stuck his feet on the desk and supposed the reporters would like to know "what kind of a bird I am." "I'm a pretty conservative sort of fellow from the old school, perhaps a school too old to be remembered.

... I'm the kind of conservative who can't get away from the idea that simple honesty ought to prevail in the financial world."

It is revealing, too, that Douglas has always been regarded somewhat askance by the four big self-seeking power groups that have long dominated the Democratic Party. The Southern Tories find him too liberal for their liking. The Northern bosses, like Ed Flynn, find him too honest for their liking. The labor politicians, of the Sidney Hillman stripe, blanch at Douglas's independence and his imperviousness to pressure (though Douglas counts Philip Murray and Walter Reuther among his friends). The old palace guard, from Harry Hopkins and Felix Frankfurter on down, used to squirm at his uncompromising toughness and his utter contempt for the toadying technique.

That still leaves Douglas with a wealth of supporters — of every political hue. They range all the way from such ranking New Dealers as Justice Hugo Black, ex-trust-buster Thurman Arnold, Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal, Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, through mugwumps like Senator Bob La Follette, to out-and-out Republicans, mostly from the West. (The late Senator Borah, Idaho Republican, clinched the naming of Douglas to the Supreme Court; the late Senator McNary, once Wendell Willkie's running-mate, read into the Congressional Record a strong plea for Douglas's appointment to some top war job.)

If anything sets the friends of Douglas apart, it is a mutual independence of thought, regardless of party labels. High and low alike, they all see in Douglas a fighting liberal with his feet on American ground. They see too few like him in public life today. They would like to see his success story carry him one step farther.

III

That story, which makes kid stuff out of Horatio Alger's best, begins in the village of Maine, Otter Tail County, Minnesota, on October 16, 1898. Douglas's father, a horse-and-buggy "home missionary" of Scotch descent, happened to be doing his Presbyterian preaching there at the time. Six years later, the itinerant Reverend Douglas happened to be preaching in the state of Washington when he died, leaving a wife, three children, and \$1,800 in insurance.

Bill, then small and wiry and known as "Peanuts," grew up in Yakima. Eventually he worked his way through Whitman College in Walla Walla, where he lived in a tent on the campus, washing his own clothes and cooking his own meals — and from which he was graduated, Phi Beta Kappa, in 1920 after an interlude as an Army sergeant. During those years, in order to help support himself and his family, he had held the following jobs: newsboy, junk collector, iceman, window washer, wheat harvester, berry picker, jew-

eltry clerk, janitor, logger, sheep-herder, hash-house waiter — all before he was twenty-one.

For a couple of years he taught at Yakima High School, and a fellow teacher, pretty Mildred Riddle, is now Mrs. Justice Douglas. Then in 1922 he left Yakima for good, nursing a carload of sheep, destined to ride part way as the railroad's uninvited guest, and headed for Columbia Law School. But Yakima did not forget him. When Douglas became a New Deal power, the rock-ribbed Yakima *Republic* — which "Peanuts" had once tossed onto front stoops — ran an editorial entitled "Yakima Not To Blame."

Arriving in New York by coach on the last of his cash — after having jumped off a freight-car in the Chicago yards an inch from a steel signal post which could have killed him — Douglas was almost tossed out of his fraternity house as a bum. Soon after, he was locked out of the room where he lived, for non-payment of rent, and he was about to be thrown out of Columbia for his debts. Then his luck turned. Though a first-year law student, he brashly undertook to prepare a correspondence-school course in law, finished it in six weeks, and pocketed \$600. Tutoring jobs and others followed. "I got a lot of dumb birds into Princeton," he recalls.

In 1925 he graduated, second in his class. Considerably farther down in that class was a fellow who, some years later, tried in vain to get Douglas to found a law firm with him; the fel-

low's name was Thomas E. Dewey. Their law school dean left Columbia shortly before them to take a Federal job, and Douglas sees more of him today than he used to then — for he is now Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone.

As a clerk in the famous Wall Street law firm of Cravath, Etc., Etc., Douglas for two years steeped himself in the complications of corporate finance and taught law at Columbia on the side. He quit Cravath for full-time teaching; he quit Columbia in protest when Nicholas Murray Butler high-handedly foisted a new dean on the Law School without consulting the faculty. He was not long out of a job.

Equally precocious Robert M. Hutchins, then dean of Yale Law School though still in his twenties, grabbed Douglas for Yale. By 1930, Douglas, just five years out of law school himself, was Sterling Professor of Law at Yale and in a position to decline a \$20,000-a-year offer from his friend Hutchins who, as new president of the University of Chicago, was publicly calling Douglas "the nation's outstanding law teacher" and trying desperately to lure him West.

At Yale, Douglas revolutionized the field of corporation law. He did it, by teaching his students how corporations worked — how they were formed, financed, managed, merged, reorganized, occasionally dissolved — instead of confining himself to what judges said about them in legal cases. In the face of mutual Ivy League misgivings, he put through a joint Harvard-Yale

course in business law, with professors exchanged and with students dividing their time between the Yale Law School and the Harvard Business School. He was known as the dynamo and also the diplomat of the Yale law faculty; just before his Supreme Court appointment, liberal and conservative professors joined in offering him the deanship unanimously.

But Douglas, by then, was in public life to stay. Strangely, he undertook his first Federal job — a study of business bankruptcies — for President Hoover soon after he went to Yale. Then in 1934, the fledgling SEC asked him to head an investigation of corporate reorganizations. Teaching all the while, commuting between New Haven and Washington, he turned out a report so thorough in its analysis of financial and legal skulduggery that he was rewarded with an SEC commissionership.

Before long he had made his truculent speech to New York's banker-stuffed Bond Club whose members, according to *Time*, were "shocked into a state of profound grumpiness" by Douglas's frank references to "corporate kidnapping" and to certain age-hallowed practices as "of unestablished value to anyone except the banker." But Congress was sufficiently impressed by his grasp of financial facts to revise large chunks of Federal law in accord with his recommendations — and to applaud his 1937 promotion to the SEC chairmanship.

In a tough spot as the New Deal's

"clean-up batter" after a couple of luke-warm regulatory régimes, Douglas not only brought the reluctant Stock Exchange to heel but handled with deft efficiency the dynamite-laden "death sentence" of the Utility Holding Company Act. Left pretty much on his own, he remarked at one point: "It's goddamned lonely in the front-line trenches these days."

No power-hungry bureaucrat, Douglas begged the President not to give his Commission any additional duties. "If you do," he said, "I'll not be running it. I'll just be signing mail."

Soon Douglas's shipshape SEC was held in higher respect than any other alphabetical agency. And when a grateful President, in 1939, named its youthful chairman to Justice Brandeis's post on the Supreme Court, scarcely a voice was raised in protest. Senate confirmation was quick and well-nigh unanimous. Said Justice Brandeis, twice Douglas's age, "I wanted you to be here in my place."

As Brandeis teamed with Holmes at the dissenting left of the old Court, so Douglas has teamed with Black at the left of the new Court. Nor is this because Black and Douglas are essentially more radical than their New Deal brethren. It is rather because Black, with his legislative background, and Douglas, with his administrative background, are inclined to respect the decisions of the other two great branches of government — whereas certain of their colleagues are not so reluctant to take all government matters into their own judicial hands.

But Douglas is not one who is willing to duck what he sees as the Court's job. "We should not pass on to Congress," he said in a recent dissent, "the duty to remove the private perquisites which we have engrafted on the patent laws. This Court was responsible for their creation. This Court should take the responsibility for their removal."

Like Brandeis before him, Douglas is the Court's financial expert. No high or fancy finance can fool him when he is out to guard the interests of small investors. Like Brandeis, too, he puts his heart behind the anti-trust laws; he hates to see small businesses swallowed up or driven to the wall. "When a nation of shop-keepers," he has said, "is transformed into a nation of clerks, enormous spiritual sacrifices are made."

Also like Brandeis, Douglas is a doughty defender of civil liberties; only in their behalf would he have the Court interfere with legislative or administrative discretion. When California passed a law to try to keep the Okies out, Douglas — who had worked beside the Okies in his youth — did not think the Court opinion blasted the statute strongly enough. In a separate opinion, he spoke his wholehearted outrage at a law which "would prevent a citizen because he was poor from ever seeking new horizons in other states."

Doubtless, he had in mind an impoverished citizen who had entrained for New York aboard a freight-car, just about twenty years before.

IV

One of Douglas's favorite stories concerns the Indian who wanted to borrow \$1,000 from a Western bank. The bank refused to make the loan until the Indian had turned over twenty ponies as collateral.

"Later," as Douglas tells it, "the Indian struck it rich. He came in with his huge bank-roll, peeled off a \$1,000 bill, paid the loan, and retrieved his ponies. The banker, seeing the large bank-roll, suggested that the Indian deposit the money in his bank."

"'How many ponies *you* got?' asked the Indian."

The tale reflects Douglas's deep feeling for the economic little fellow. Once more, he is Brandeis's heir in his dislike of bigness. Not that he would turn the economic clock back. "The railroads, the phone company, the big automobile plants and all such have to stay big. Technology dictates that." But where there exists no technological reason for bigness, where its purpose is only to concentrate in a few hands financial control of an industry, Douglas is an ardent trust-buster.

"Why not shake free enterprise loose from monopolistic controls and patent controls, and see what it can really do? If we will only break monopoly's death grip on our technological skills, America's new horizons will be unlimited."

The NRA school of thought which would leave business big, and then regulate it strictly, holds little appeal

for Douglas. Where, as with public utilities, regulation can't be avoided, "government should keep the shotgun behind the door, loaded, well-oiled, cleaned, ready for use, but with the hope it would never have to be used." More than that, as he once told the Stock Exchange, government should offer regulated business "a police escort."

But Douglas sees long-term government regulation of anything as doomed to a lingering death. "The regulated groups tend to take over their regulators. If it were not, of course, impractical, every regulatory bureau ought to be abolished after ten years of life and some new machinery set up in its place."

His distaste for bigness carries beyond the business realm. Despite his practically 100 per cent pro-labor record on the Supreme Court, he knows the necessity of seeing to it that big unions are democratically run. "With any position of power goes a tremendous responsibility. An increasing number of labor leaders sense that responsibility. If some have transgressed, that does not excuse the wholesale denouncing of trade unionism; for American labor has only recently come of age. Industry, remember, once had its robber barons."

Douglas thinks government also can get too big; and he set some sort of record for administrative abnegation when he asked the President not to increase the powers of his SEC. "Bigness," he explained, "taxes the ability to manage intelligently." And

again: "One man can do only so much in one day. Then he gets sleepy."

Hence, Douglas is strong for decentralization of government. Just as he hates to see the nation's financial life directed by remote control from New York (he has backed regional banking and has urged the South to cut its strings to Wall Street), so he hates to see all the nation's government problems handled by remote control from Washington. No "states' rights" man, he is rather for the establishment of regional authorities somewhat along the line of the TVA.

He would like, for instance, to turn over control and development of the Columbia and Snake Rivers — for power and new industries, irrigation and farming — to the people of the four Northwestern states. "Don't have them lean on Washington. Don't have them run by Washington. Give the people on the spot the responsibility. Give them a stake in what they're doing."

But Douglas does not think Washington can duck the big postwar problem of helping create 60,000,000 jobs. Subsidize private industry where necessary. "It's in the strong tradition of the country," he says, citing the railroads with their government grants and the auto industry with its government-built highways. "And let government itself — and not just the Federal government — utilize any neglected social assets or natural resources. One way or another, the thing has got to be done."

Paying for it is another matter,

though Douglas believes that, handled right, the jobs might soon come to pay for themselves. Meanwhile, Douglas — no friend of deficit financing — prefers taxes to borrowing, up to the point of diminishing returns. “In a democracy, that is a good way to keep people aware of their government.”

On the foreign front, Douglas was speaking for the Roosevelt international policies well before Pearl Harbor. Today, he sees a formal world organization as essential to the keeping of the peace. “Or else we will drift into a more intense nationalism, built on color lines and doubly dangerous.”

“The United States,” he said at another time, “can no longer afford to remain silent in the face of the crushing of a segment of humanity anywhere on earth. A cancer in any part of the world — political, social, or economic — is a potential threat to our own standard of living, our own peace. We must throw our weight and our influence for the democratic side.” But he warned: “As a nation, we are just not built for the cozy game of power politics. It is not in character for our people.”

Douglas envisions America's best and biggest contribution to the post-war world as what he calls “the exporting of brains.” “As our public health missions once carried a message of help, not exploitation, to the peoples of Asia and Africa, so our scholars should go with their learning and our scientists and technicians with their skills and their know-how — in farming, engineering, industry. It is not

charity those people need, not the pouring out of money; it is education and encouragement to utilize what they have. The greatest thing that anyone can do for someone else is not to *give* him something but to show him how to get something *on his own*.”

In line with these ideas, Douglas is an enthusiastic backer of Dr. Y. P. “Jimmy” Yen's Chinese Mass Education Movement which, even during wartime, went sensationally about the business of carrying teaching down to the grass-roots. A member of Yen's international board of directors, he hopes to see the Movement spread to take in every “backward” section of the globe, from India to Africa to parts of Latin America.

Douglas's deep interest in China — stemming originally from the fact that his West Coast naturally looks to the Pacific — has led him, with his son, to start learning to read, write and speak Chinese. “We must bridge the gap between the two cultures,” he says, “because we are going to be living so close to each other.”

Moreover, he sees in China a sort of new frontier — a vast and almost virgin field for the development of electric power, of scientific farming, of every sort of industry. And he has long seen it, too, as a potential world danger spot, as well as “the world's greatest sweat-shop,” if it is not helped to develop and help itself.

“We cannot force democracy on other peoples anywhere. We can only teach it by our example. But democracy cannot thrive where there is

starvation and need. And so we must help raise world standards of living before we will find the world accepting our democratic philosophy."

Nor is Douglas particularly bothered by what he once called "the specter of Socialism." Certainly not in the United States. "We can only get Socialism if we prove we don't deserve something better. If the Russians

want Communism, let them have it. It would never fit the native genius of this country."

"The average American," he added, "is an independent, rough and ready kind of fellow who wants to take a swing on his own."

Which might serve as a good description of Supreme Court Justice Bill Douglas — a man to keep an eye on.



OVER THE LINE

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

TREES remember if a man forgets
When the blond father of the corn goes south
Over the Line, the gales come out of hiding
With the year's leaves and whitecaps in their mouth.

The little mice remember and are shaken
In their sage galleries of etched earth and straw,
Birds solitary throng into high nations,
Turn their beaks south before inexorable law.

The farmer in his bed, deep in his dreaming,
Feels the sun slip to the under hemisphere,
Cries his deep cry, though he knows not he cries it,
Hail and farewell to the green half of the year.

Hail and farewell! Bold death comes red and golden,
On the north sides of all things lies the frost,
And fumbling fingers at the stove and hearth-stones
Kindle thin suns in place of the lovely lost.

VETERANS AND UNION RULES

BY JACK SCHUYLER

THE relations between organized labor and war veterans are rapidly moving toward a crisis because of a relatively new directive in national employment policy: superseniority.

Superseniority is a novel type of absolute veterans' preference in employment. It allows a returning veteran who wants his old job back not only to count his war service as time worked for his old employer, but also to displace any civilian worker in the plant who is doing the same work — no matter how long the civilian has been employed there.

Though superseniority has been put forward as an honest interpretation of the draft law by sincere officials anxious to help the returning veteran, it is not an unmixed blessing either to the community or to the veterans themselves. It has aroused deep resentment and fear in the ranks of organized labor, and it may prove to be a major obstacle in the readjustment of the veteran into civilian life.

General Lewis B. Hershey, Director of Selective Service, maintains

that a veteran with reinstatement rights under Section 8 of the Selective Service Act must get back his old job or one of like seniority, status and pay, "even though such reinstatement means the discharge of a non-veteran with greater seniority." For him, there are no ifs, ands or buts about it. Moreover, he says, the veteran does not have to join the union in the plant — regardless of what national labor laws may say about the right of a union to maintain the closed shop.

Although the courts have not given a final interpretation of the policy, one Federal judge has handed down a sweeping decision which indicates the drift of judicial thought. As recently as last August, Judge Matthew T. Abruzzo, sitting in Brooklyn Federal Court, ruled that for one year after returning to his old job, the veteran cannot be laid off or discharged so long as there are any non-veterans doing the same kind of work.

To organized labor, the assertions of Selective Service as to the absolute right of the veteran to rehiring, his immunity to lay-offs for one year, and

JACK SCHUYLER, supervisor of vocational rehabilitation in the New York State Education Department, is a frequent contributor to leading national magazines. Formerly on the faculty of Teachers College, Columbia University, he has also served as area director for USO and on the educational staff of the Textile Workers Union of America.

the exemption from union membership present a three-fold danger to union security. Seniority rights are inextricably tied up with collective bargaining. Job security for all unionized workers depends on these rights. By giving the veteran someone else's job, Selective Service widens the gap between the veteran and the civilian. Already many spokesmen of industry, like George Romney, managing director of the Auto Council for War Production, have come out vigorously for superseniority, attacking the unions for their stand and declaring that returning veterans will face "an unbelievable injustice."

II

According to Section 8 of the Selective Service Act, a veteran is entitled to reinstatement in his former position or in a position of "like seniority, status and pay" under the following conditions:

1. If the veteran worked for a private employer, the United States government or the District of Columbia.
2. If the job was not a temporary one.
3. If he satisfactorily completed his period of service.
4. If he is still qualified to perform the duties of the job.
5. If he applies for reemployment within 90 days after discharge.
6. If the circumstances of the private employer have not so changed as to make it impossible or unreasonable for him to reinstate the veteran in his old job or in a job of like seniority, status and pay.

In addition, after reinstatement:

1. He shall be considered as having been on furlough or leave of absence while he was in the service.
2. He shall be restored without loss of seniority.
3. He shall be entitled to insurance or other benefits offered by the employer, when the veteran left for the service, which related to employees on furlough or leave of absence.
4. He shall not be discharged from the job without cause for one year after reinstatement.

It was not until three and a half years after the passage of the Act that General Hershey first issued Local Board Memorandum 190-A conferring superseniority upon the veteran. Stating in a recent directive that "the granting of preference is an effort to restore equality of job opportunity to those who have lost it because of their service in the armed forces," he has rightly emphasized the fact that our first obligation is to take care of the men who suffered and sacrificed most during the war. The people who stayed at home faced comparatively little hardship and were relatively well paid.

Labor groups have denounced Hershey's interpretation as unworkable and incompatible with the will of Congress and with the original purpose of Section 8 as secured by labor from Congress. Labor insists that under a fair interpretation of that law a veteran has seniority only for the time he has worked in the plant plus the time he has spent in the armed forces. For example, under labor's interpretation a veteran with two years' seniority when inducted and

four years of satisfactory service would return to his old job with a six-year seniority. He should get his old job back, labor leaders declare, only if there is a man who has done the same kind of work for less than six years.

Union officials fear that in attacking the seniority system, Selective Service may destroy one of the most valued rights possessed by workers, the basis of job security. Most union contracts provide that rehiring, transfers, pay increases, promotions or lay-offs will be based on some explicit system of calculating seniority. The theory is simple: workers on the job the longest should be first in line for benefits. Even the courts have come to recognize seniority as a property right.

The unions fear that the Selective Service policy will divide the workers into two competing groups: veterans and non-veterans. Even veterans of World War I, wives and parents, Gold Star mothers and widows of World War II veterans may be discharged to make room for the returning serviceman. This has already happened. A veteran who had been drafted after working for the United States Rubber Company for four months was discharged after two years of service and returned to his old job on the basis of the superseniority interpretation of Selective Service. He displaced a veteran of World War I with twelve years' seniority.

Anticipating the keen competition ahead in the scramble for quick re-

conversion, a number of large industrialists have objected to General Hershey's interpretation. They are afraid that it will deprive them of essential skilled workers and the nucleus necessary to efficient operation of their plants. This is obvious in industries, such as aviation, shipbuilding and machinery manufacture, where employment soared during the war. In Pittsburgh there was an employer with a wartime payroll of 3,800 who had 4,200 men drafted from his plant. How can he carry out the Selective Service edict and rehire them all? Another company which had 800 workers before the war and expects to have the same number after reconversion, employed 1,700 during the war and had 800 men in the service.

Federal departments and agencies are not agreed on the application of the law or its interpretation. Under the Selective Service Act, the Department of Justice is empowered to represent veterans in the Federal courts when there are disputes as to reemployment and "to present to the court whatever may be useful in helping the court arrive at a proper construction of the statute." But the Department does not make the law, and at present it has no defined basis for enforcing it.

Another government department, the Department of Labor, has through its solicitor upheld the union viewpoint by stating that the Act guarantees the veteran only his place on the seniority list with additional seniority

credit for time in the armed forces. The law does not say the Labor Department guarantees a job if it means displacing a worker with greater seniority.

Further to complicate the legal problems, the Philadelphia Regional War Labor Board recently ruled that a veteran must become a union member as a condition of his reinstatement to his job if the plant is unionized. But the Federal courts have already ruled twice in favor of the Selective Service interpretation, and the courts are the only agencies specifically clothed by the Act to enforce and interpret its provisions.

III

Superseniority is bound to produce a number of conflicts between Selective Service and the unions. Returning veterans are told by Selective Service that they do not have to join a union, but this guarantee of exemption from union requirements lasts only one year. After that, what security does the veteran have? Appreciation of the soldier dims after the end of every war; the public soon looks upon the veteran as a headache and a nuisance. The non-union veteran may have less security in the long run if the union is weakened. The veteran's accumulation of seniority under a union contract would increase his security on the job. Then, too, many of the gains won by the unions could be wiped out in those industries which had been unorganized before the war

but are now completely organized.

What is to happen if there are more veterans with reinstatement rights than there are jobs? This problem is sure to come up as many war-swollen industries shrink to prewar size. Major Golder, of the Executive Office of the Veterans' Personnel Division, Selective Service System, solves the problem in this way:

If eight men are eligible for a job, and there are only jobs for four, the first four who come back are entitled to the jobs when they come back and they hold those jobs as a matter of right for one year.

But this might result in rank injustice. The last four of these men to be discharged from the armed forces might have the greatest seniority; yet they could not be rehired. Moreover, it is sometimes difficult to determine who the original job-holders are. The expansion of plants during the war, the upgrading of workers and the dilution of skilled jobs into many semi-skilled ones are responsible for this confusing situation.

The attitude of labor unions toward disabled veterans is even more liberal than the law prescribes. The law requires that returning veterans be able to perform the duties of their former position. Selective Service interprets this to mean that disabled veterans must be able to do their work as well as they did before they were drafted. Labor proposes instead that plant-wide seniority be granted so that the disabled veteran will receive preference at *any* job in the plant he would be able to fill satisfactorily.

The unions have gone beyond mere criticism of superseniority. They have developed a program of their own with the purpose of integrating returning servicemen into normal social and economic life as quickly as possible.

Most unions now protect the rights of their members in the armed forces. They have preserved the servicemen's union membership, insurance rights and other benefits. They have won contracts in which the wage and promotion rights of these absentee veterans are protected. They are waiving initiation fees. They have helped organize and are participating actively in community veteran service centers throughout the country. They have established committees on both the national and local level to study the problem of securing jobs for veterans and helping in their training and placement.

Selective Service grants superseniority to only about 3,000,000 out of 12,000,000 men and women in service. The veteran who had no job when he entered the service because he was unemployed or a student, because he was self-employed on a farm or in a small business or because he worked for a small business that went out of existence, thus cannot claim reemployment. The unions believe their program will do far more to help the other 9,000,000 veterans find employment than Selective Service can ever hope to accomplish.

The unions are willing to help these 9,000,000 who are not guaranteed a

job by giving *all* veterans seniority credit for the time spent in the armed forces — this to be credited on the first job they get after discharge following the completion of any probationary period in effect where they find employment. They propose special programs by labor and management for the employment of disabled veterans. In some cases, the unions are trying to guarantee in their contracts the right of the disabled veteran to a job in his old plant at his old salary, plus any general increases.

IV

In July 1944, the CIO and AFL reached a temporary agreement on union policy with the Veterans of Foreign Wars — the only one of the three major veteran organizations thus far to speak out against superseniority. First, every veteran who has no old job to which he can return will be granted synthetic seniority based on the length of his military service after September 1, 1940, with one month of seniority rights for each month of service. Second, the unions will make every effort to place disabled veterans with reemployment rights on some job in the plant at the prevailing wages.

This agreement did not last long, however, and the VFW now seeks a law to "place veterans on an equal plane with war workers" by granting seniority credit for time spent in military service to be used for purposes of employment itself. According

to the CIO, there are three objections to this policy: it will give jobs to veterans by taking them away from non-veterans; anti-union employers may use such a law to fill a department with anti-union veterans; the unions might be destroyed and all the workers displaced in plants built after the war began.

The fundamental division between Selective Service and the unions became apparent at meetings called in the early part of this year by the former Veterans' Administration Director, General Frank T. Hines. He had formed an advisory committee on which were represented the three major veteran organizations, labor, management and interested government departments. A preliminary conference was held with General Lewis B. Hershey, John Collins, War Manpower Commission Director of Placement, and Daniel W. Tracy, Assistant Secretary of Labor. A majority report was issued by Hershey and Collins in favor of superseniority; a minority report by Tracy argued that the veteran could be allowed seniority only for time in the armed forces. The employer representatives endorsed the majority report.

As for the 9,000,000 veterans who have no jobs to go back to, the majority recommended that all veterans be given seniority credit for time in the service after May 1, 1940, both for getting and keeping a job. The three veteran organizations endorsed this proposal although the Veterans

of Foreign Wars and the Disabled American Veterans suggested that this seniority credit should not be used to displace a worker on the job or in layoffs of less than 90 days. The minority report, accepted by labor, would give veterans credit for time in the service only after the completion of the probationary period customary in the particular plant.

There the issues stand. Not much more can be said by any of the groups involved. Labor unions, employer and veteran organizations agree that Congress should rephrase the law so that its meaning is clear to everyone. Bernard M. Baruch in his recent report on veteran welfare and President Truman in his message to Congress urge clarification of the law.

Delay will give the demagogues the opportunity to magnify class tensions and misunderstandings. Anti-labor Representative Rankin has already introduced a bill, now awaiting action on the House calendar, which provides that no veteran should ever be required to join a union. Senator "Pappy" O'Daniel has introduced a similar bill. Full public thought and discussion on the problem is necessary now to save our veterans from being victimized.

It is scarcely necessary to add that, at best, superseniority is nothing more than a method for dividing up scarce jobs. If the nation can provide full employment, veterans will have no need for absolute preference.

GRANDFATHER'S COUNTRY STORE

BY PHYLLIS FENNER

A COUNTRY STORE! What does it bring to mind? Smells. Molasses, vinegar, damp cellar floors. Fish, cheese, freshly ground coffee. Rope, rubber boots, leather goods. Pictures in my head. Men around a big round stove, hands in their pockets, tobacco in their cheeks, tales on their tongues. The high desk with the cage around it, the old clock, the red coffee grinder. It brings back sounds almost forgotten. The coffee grinder grinding coffee, the hum of men's voices, their laughter.

The days when the country store was at its height were comfortable days, leisurely days. We can never go back again. Our lives have taken on the speed of automobiles instead of horses and carriages. Times are different; people are different; country stores are different. The country store is no longer the center of the life of the town.

My grandfather bought out a little general store, and with his reputation for square dealing and his knowledge of common law that most business men seemed to pick up somewhere in those days, he built up a business

which stands to this day, though chain stores come and chain stores go.

When my grandfather started his store, honesty was part of his stock-in-trade. He knew nothing of what we call salesmanship. It probably had never been called to his attention that "the customer is always right." Nor, I am sure, did he shine his shoes each morning and stay at the front of the store, looking eager to sell, until closing time, which in his case was eleven o'clock at night. It was before the days of cut rates and "leaders." Goods one could count on were what the customer expected; a fair profit was what Grandfather asked. Both got what they wanted.

He sold about everything imaginable in the store, and a billhead of the time reads:

A. J. Fenner & Sons

Dealers In

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots,
Rubber Goods, Gents Furnishings,
Hardware, Nails, etc.

We were brought up in the store. It was the very center of our existences until we left home. Practically

PHYLLIS FENNER is children's librarian at the Plandome Road School in Manhasset, New York. Among the books she has written are several anthologies of folk tales which were published during the past few years, and *Our Library*, her most recent work.

everything we ate, owned, or wore, came from the store. Our playhouse was the top of an old grocery wagon — bright yellow and labeled in large black letters: A. J. FENNER AND SONS, BOOTS AND SHOES, GROCERIES, HARDWARE. We once raised a family of chickens in it — and no chickens ever had a nicer home. The wood piles and stacks of wire fencing outside the store were wonderful places to play “night riders.” The large round cardboard pieces from the cracker barrels made wonderful shields stuck on a spike for our squirt gun battles. And playing store under the plum tree at home, where we put up signs that we were “going to run Fenner’s Store out of business,” was one of our favorite pastimes.

II

The store was in a great old frame building of three stories which had once been a shoe factory. Within the store, shelves rose from floor to ceiling and were packed with a medley of such things as the actual needs and desires of the country people might suggest. On one side were the groceries, mostly good honest staples in those days. On the same side, farther back, was the hardware, including such things as lanterns and lamp chimneys, water buckets and dippers, wash bowls and pitchers.

And on the other side were all the dry goods, the calicos and flannels, notions, clothing of all kinds. At the

very back were all the shoes — boxes and boxes of them — work shoes, women’s shoes, children’s shoes. Near at hand there was the iron machine for adjusting shoe buttons and the gadget for shaving off the pegs in men’s leather boots.

As if the shelves didn’t hold enough things, there were hung overhead the big gauntlet gloves, little gauntlet gloves with fringe (it took a lot of snow-balls to wet through those), big mittens with one big thumb, leather with knitted wristbands, in assorted colors. Fly swatters, stocking caps, sweaters, mufflers (some with “turtle necks”), leggings, tin dishes.

Then there were the barrels. Fenner’s Store, as I think back, seemed full of barrels. “As bent as a hoop in a cooper’s shop” used to be a good expression but I doubt if children today would attach much meaning to it. In those days barrels were a part of our life.

There were little barrels with steel hoops. Cute little barrels. And I imagined they were the kind Hendrik Hudson’s little men in the Catskills carried when Rip first saw them. Little barrels of salt fish and larger barrels with steel hoops holding great chunks of salt pork in brine. How we used to love to play with that pork! A large salty hook hung on the side of the salty barrel. What fun it was to fish out a great piece of meat, cut off a hunk with the sharp salty knife nearby, and then let it flop back into the water again. It is no wonder there were objections to our playing around the

store. There were so many things to play with.

There were great cracker barrels with wooden hoops, filled with layers and layers of fresh square crackers. They always seemed to stay fresh, and people bought vast quantities of them.

Even though the sugar was packed in bags, it also came piled in nice clean barrels — as did salt, molasses, vinegar and turpentine. Even dishes came in large “hogsheads,” and nails in little kegs. There were barrels and barrels — to be sat upon, or leaned on, or “snitched” from.

In the center at the back, as round as the barrels that stood around it, was the old pot-bellied stove — the hub of the store. Close beside it was an enormous spittoon, to be aimed at, if not hit. A few wooden chairs tipped back against the counters — and the barrels — made up the social background of Fenner’s Store.

And finally, near a great old safe that I never knew to be closed, was my grandfather’s high desk, the height for standing. Beside it was a stool, extremely high, for it took considerable hitching to get into it. A wire cage was around the top of the desk. There Grandfather sat, night after night, doing his figuring, while the gang stood, sat, leaned, nearby around the hot stove. He was a grave silent man, with a full beard when beards were in style, but later, as I knew him, with a drooping mustache.

On the other side of the stove from the desk was the large iron coffee grinder. It was red and had two enor-

mous wheels, a wooden handle and a huge shovel. Every pound of coffee had to be ground by hand in those days, and it was quite a job to get twenty or thirty pounds of coffee for the “grocery wagon” that went out five days a week into the country. One night when the usual gang of half-grown boys were hanging around, the clerk had a bright idea. He offered a cent to the boy who could grind a pound of coffee the fastest, and that night he got all his coffee ground for one penny.

III

One of the important items in the grocery line was butter. There was no creamery butter until about thirty years ago. The farmers made butter weekly, but instead of selling it as they made it, they put the butter down in large firkins and covered it with a strong salt brine. It was kept that way until the fall came and the price was right. It was thrilling to watch Grandfather test butter. There were piles of butter crocks, each covered with a piece of brown wrapping paper tied with a string around the ridge of the crock. And on each covering was written the name of the maker and the weight of the butter.

My grandfather would pick up a crock, turn it around to read the name, and then, “Leete,” he would say, “she makes good butter,” and he’d give the crock a shove to one side (the “sheep”). Then he would pick up another. “Smith,” he would

mutter to himself, "she's a terrible butter-maker." And off it would go with the "goats." When he had finished sorting according to a notion of his own, for each butter-maker had her own reputation and following, he would test the butter.

There was a kind of fanatic absorption in the task of testing butter. Down into the crock of smooth butter would go the half-cylinder of metal, about eight inches long, with a handle on it. Some butter was a deep yellow, some pale, according to the notions of the butter-maker, and some would have a neat little design printed on top. Out would come the filled half-cylinder, leaving a neat little hole in the butter. A flick of the thumbnail, and a bit of butter was on the tongue. The expression on the tester's face told the story. Then carefully, carefully, the half-cylinder was inserted in the hole in the butter. A piece of "oiled" paper was used to push the butter out. And there stood the crock of butter without a blemish or sign that it had been investigated. The "oiled" paper and brown wrapping paper were tied on once more, and the butter was ready to sell to fussy customers or to ship away as second-rate butter. Churning must have been pretty dull work for Grandfather once said, "If I had just five minutes to live, I'd want to be churning butter. The time goes so slowly."

Eggs were bought from the farmers, usually in exchange for groceries. Probably the greatest single item that

the farmer had to "trade in" was his eggs. The specialized poultry farmer had not yet come into being, and every farm had its mixed flocks of chickens. The eggs would pour in — white, brown, large and small, some fresh, some not so fresh, bantam and even duck eggs. Since most of the villagers had their ten or a dozen hens, most of the eggs were shipped to New York City. This meant that they had to be sorted, graded and sometimes washed and candled. Crating was usually done by boys for two and a half cents a crate. On Saturdays the man who drove the grocery wagon hitched the team to the dray and carted the eggs, all crated and wired and labeled, to the depot.

The barrels that stood around the store held various things. The regular hangaround could reach in one barrel for a large square cracker, take a dried herring from a box on the counter, and top it off with a dried prune or apple from the box beside it. One of the hangarounds once got his come-uppance, however, when he sampled a barrel of something he had never seen the like of before — nice white, delicious-looking little chips. He grabbed a handful and filled his mouth. Alas, they were soap chips, the first ever sold in Fenner's Store.

IV

Store bread was unheard of in Grandfather's time. Every good housewife made her own, and her reputation rose or fell with her bread-making.

The first bread sold in Fenner's was called "Huldy's bread" because it was made by a woman named Huldy who baked nine loaves of bread a day for the store. These generous homemade loaves sold for fifteen cents a loaf. The first real baker's bread sold was ordered for some workmen who camped near town to work for the railroad. It was "Eyetalian" bread according to the native townfolk; they had never seen anything like it, nor the way these strange men ate it, cutting it off in hunks.

Tea in Grandfather's store meant gunpowder tea. It was the only kind that he carried. You were thought decidedly "high-hat" if you drank black tea. Only "furriners" or city-folk drank that. Gunpowder tea came in large foreign-looking boxes lined with lead. It smacked of romance and sailing vessels to me. It was weighed out by the quarter-pound, usually, on to a perfectly flat sheet of wrapping paper. With just the right twist, the paper was folded this way and that until a neat little bundle of tea was made and tied up.

On the counter, on the grocery side, was the plug tobacco. The long brown fruity-smelling strips, each about a foot long, were marked into "plugs," and in each strip was pressed a small tin trade mark, as spear for "Spearhead," and so on. It was cut off by a machine that looked like a paper cutter, and sold for ten cents a plug. To see a man take his plug, twist off a piece in the corner of his mouth, was *something*, and we children were

great admirers of men with "bunches" in their cheeks, not knowing just what the bunches were. We were pretty good at imitating with root licorice — working up quite a nice brown saliva with it and becoming quite expert at spitting *our* "tobacco juice."

Grandfather ordered cigars by the thousands each year. Cigarettes were not sold, but of course cigarette papers were given away with the little bags of smoking tobacco. The men were clever at rolling their own — one of the little thin papers in the palm of the left hand, the right hand shaking out tobacco onto it, then the bag tied up with the teeth, put back in the pocket, a deft movement of the hands, a lick with the lips and there was the cigarette, as good as machine-made.

The candy in my grandfather's store is unforgettable. None of your Baby Ruths or Hershey bars. There were those delicious pink and white candies, round, hard, good for a long suck. The pinks were wintergreen and the whites were peppermint; a star was stamped on each one. A penny's worth went into a small bag which fitted nicely into one's pocket — to be munched when hungry or bored. Then there were those atrocious, too sweet, sugary chocolate creams, pointed like little cones. And they certainly "tasted like yesterday" most of the time. A farmer in to buy a large order of groceries, usually added a few of those to his order, just as a treat for the family. When the grocery wagon delivered in the country, the children

hung around to see that their mothers got candy instead of pennies in change. Horehound was very popular — good for colds or for the sweet-tooth; root licorice, to my memory the most awful-tasting stuff, and yet intriguing because of its earthiness. It was a great day when someone had the idea of molding licorice into little black men carrying little red celluloid lanterns. Five for a penny.

One item that was pretty much missing from the shelves in those days was cereal. There was just one kind of breakfast food — “oats.” It came in ninety-pound bags. It needed long cooking to make it digestible, but it does seem as though it tasted better than the quick varieties we have now. After a while, along came Pettijohns, Banner Oats, and finally Maple Flakes, a cold cereal, then Force, Shredded Wheat, and soon all the other breakfast foods we know today.

Of the many dry goods, underwear was the worst headache to the storekeeper, for all underwear came in two pieces and both shirts and drawers had to be stocked in assorted sizes and different weights. There was a part cotton and a part wool; a lighter weight for warmer weather; a heavy weight for cold weather; red flannels; black flannels; fleece-lined.

Outing flannel was ordered in quantity for underwear and night shirts. In the summer, for the fall sale, my grandfather would order ten or a dozen forty- to fifty-yard pieces in various colors and designs.

Patent medicines were another stock feature in Grandfather's day. Many kinds of cure-alls were sold. “Doctor Fenner's Cough Honey” was our favorite, whether because of the name or the mellow honey flavor, I don't know. “Break-up-a-cold” tablets were also sold in great quantity, and ointments made by local folks who had a recipe guaranteed to cure almost anything.

Spectacles were sold, too. A man or woman having difficulty reading would come in, look the stock over and try on some spectacles. When the customer found the glasses with which he could read, he would buy them — for a quarter. Life was simple.

It was certainly true, as an early storekeeper wrote, Grandfather's store could boast of:

Salt Pork and Powder
Shot and Flints
Cheese, Sugar, Rum
And Peppermints.

And all his wares were offered in the spirit of: “We've got it, can get it, or it hain't made!”



PEOPLE seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character.
— EMERSON

THE FAMINE IN EUROPE

BY HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

HOORAY! The war is all over!" we cried on V-J Day. "We've finished our job! Peace is here at last!"

Within a fortnight, we were officially informed that all the foods for which we had so long hankered were on the way in! Ration points were on the way out!

The war was not over, however, for millions of people in Europe — most of them our former allies. And with victory, the Allies inherited what had developed into the most stupendous feeding problem in all history.

It is difficult for Americans who have remained safely and snugly at home over here to picture the devastation of property, the dislocation of life and the fearful crippling shortages that this war has left in its wake over there. It must be brought home to the people of the United States, impressively and effectively, that this is no mere "shortage" of food they are facing in Europe, but starvation. It is the most calamitous and widespread famine and misery that the world has ever known.

We must be made to realize that

only we North Americans have enjoyed a general diet far above nutritional needs throughout Europe's five-year hunger ordeal; that, "despite the widely-publicized food shortages," as former Foreign Economic Food Administrator, Leo Crowley, says, "the average American citizen had more to eat during 1944 than before the War"; that, while we Americans were consuming ten pounds of meat per capita a month, Poland was eating only one and one-half pounds, Belgium two pounds and Norway three pounds.

While they will be spared bombs and bullets this year, *all* the people of Europe await the coming of winter with a dread akin to a threatened all-out attack of another heartless enemy.

I witnessed the opening scenes of Europe's tragic trek, culminating in a continent-wide spectacle of starvation. I was in Cernauti (Rumania), when the war's first crop of refugees — numbering more than 100,000 — came tumbling over the nearby Polish border. This was the forerunner of all

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS, editor and novelist, has spent many years on the Continent. He is the author of several hundred special articles and fourteen books, including *New Designs For Old Mexico* and *White Elephants in the Caribbean*.

the fearful flights of Europe's unhappy, uprooted peoples, become human locusts ceaselessly seeking a haven of safety and *food*. They were forever hungry.

During the war the demolition of Europe proceeded relentlessly. Armored hosts trampled under foot first Poland, then Yugoslavia. Today, 4,000,000 foodless Yugoslavs need everything — beans, potatoes, cabbage, bread — in a region that had once been considered the granary of south-eastern Europe.

To the west, Belgium, France, Holland, Denmark and Norway fell amidst the ruins of their agrarian economy. Holland suffered worse than her neighbors. Both Allies and Axis broke down the dikes and let in the salt sea. The Dutch watched helplessly while their cattle perished, their crops were ruined, their homes were flooded. The people of Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague were left starving. Once the best feeders in Europe, their ration was cut to two slices of butterless bread for breakfast, and a mess of tulip bulbs boiled like onions to finish the day. In France a young American officer told me of being feasted on potato peel soup and stewed rabbit that tasted pretty good — until he saw a pile of cat pelts in the backyard. An English statistician estimates that Paris alone consumed some 30,000 cats a month up to 1944.

Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Sweden and Turkey were the only European non-combatants left. They barely managed to feed themselves.

To complete the story of European affliction, we must turn the spotlight on the enemy side of the picture. The Nazi Supreme Plan called for the total conquest of Europe. The first move, following conquest, was to seize and allocate all food supplies and sources into the "proper" categories. Occupied populations were kept in a state of "controlled" hunger as long as their conquerors functioned. When Italy joined the Axis and proceeded to attack both Albania and Greece, acute famine came to both those unfortunate countries.

One of the dreams of the Germans in the invasion of Russia had been the prospect of raiding one of the greatest wheat-producing areas in the world. The invading armies, however, found only a "scorched earth." The vast wheat, barley, sugar-beet and sunflower-seed-oil resources they had coveted had gone up in smoke. The Russians smashed their tractors and farm machinery as they fled.

II

Meanwhile, a significant and determining factor had appeared in the European conflict — America, a year-and-a-half-late-comer on the side of the Allies. Incredibly formidable American armies, armadas and fleets were advancing on land, in the air and on the sea, against the Reich and her Fortress Europe.

Marching and battling, destroying and pillaging forces struggled in deadly combat over the whole con-

tinent. Every able-bodied civilian was enslaved and set to work making munitions or machines to carry on wholesale slaughter and destruction. The weaklings were driven or bombed out of their homes. Blockades prevented the movement of food or destroyed stores of it. Work animals and tractors were commandeered by the armies. Agricultural machines were left to rust for want of draught animals and gasoline. Fertilizer gave out and no seed was left for replanting. Milch cows and beef cattle were driven off. The bulk of food went to feed the fighting forces. Only hunger was left for the people of Europe — with little or nothing left to satisfy it.

German cities were systematically blown off the face of the earth. Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, Hanover, Nüremburg and a hundred others. Perhaps 23,000,000 more civilians were made homeless and hungry. V-E Day found the onetime tolerably well-fed Reich in a state of chaos, her people pillaging their own depleted stores, and taking their place with all the other miserable inhabitants in the famished European breadline, begging for food where little or no food remained.

The peace that the whole world had been waiting for seemed still a long way off to the bulk of the stricken Europeans. Instead of immediate relief and resuscitation, peace brought a complete breakdown in what remained of the food structure. Five years of total war had blocked the paths to food “futures” and potentialities. The

liberation of war prisoners and labor slaves came too late in the season to plough or sow. Furthermore, farming had become a perilous pursuit. Tens of millions of mines had been planted in the fields.

Beyond that, we find European destitution revolving in a vicious circle — a cruel wheel with many threatening spokes. All but emergency military transportation had long since been destroyed; bridges must be rebuilt, roads repaired, railways and rolling stock replaced, harbors, rivers and canals cleared and dredged.

Above all, coal had been, and still is, critically short in every part of Europe — coal for generating electric power, light and heat, and coal for direct fuel heat to keep the half-clothed and half-starved population from freezing to death. Country villages as well as city districts boast only a few habitable houses — many without roofs, most of them without windows. In Yugoslavia for example, one-fourth of all the peasants' homes have been totally destroyed.

But the lack of food remains the underlying privation throughout Europe. With 2,000 calories constituting a normal daily minimum for a well-nourished existence, most Continentals have been subsisting for years on amounts far below the health-sustaining figure. Once the Hollanders' ration fell as low as 450 calories. South-eastern Europeans and Russians were getting along on half the minimum requirement — while the people of the United States were managing to

live on 3,000-plus and the American soldier on 4,000!

It takes an unbelievably long time for a human being to die of nutritional hunger, as may be seen from the photographs of rescued American prisoners who were reduced to living skeletons. The more immediate peril to starving Europe lies in the starvees' breakdown of all defenses against epidemic disease. How can a human being carry on against such odds and combat disease, if he is starving and only half-alive?

Pestilence has already begun to run neck and neck with famine, the impact falling hardest on the cities, most of them enduring the most unspeakable sanitary conditions. Dirt and filth are commonplace where for so long neither hot water nor soap was to be had.

UNRRA reports that all infectious diseases have doubled or trebled in Europe. Starvation itself has become an insidious disease, not always curable when it begins to feed on the victims' vitals. Tuberculosis is most common, with the death rate double that existing before the war. In one Belgian industrial district 30 per cent of the starving children have been stricken with it. Rickets is five times as prevalent as it was before; beriberi and pellagra are rampant. The infant mortality rate is appalling; many new-born babies have no clothes to be wrapped in.

Drugs, disinfectants and all hospital supplies are scarce. In many instances operations were being per-

formed without anesthetics. And the hospitals themselves were among the bombing casualties. There has been little room for either civilian natives or refugees because the beds have been overcrowded with mangled bodies. "The picture is darker by far than in 1918," says an authority, "when epidemics began that swept away millions of people."

III

Who can aid stricken Europe? When and how?

An intelligent reply was made to this momentous question, as early as November 1943, when the forty-four countries composing the United Nations got together and organized the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA). Only the thirty-one uninvaded members, however, were asked to contribute 1 per cent of their national income as of the year 1943. From the first, Director Herbert L. Lehman made it clear that "UNRRA can succeed in its mission only if it is given the tools and facilities . . . by the governments themselves."

Almost two years passed from the time of its organization to V-E Day, when UNRRA found itself scraping the bottom of its financial barrel at the most critical moment of its existence, with all Europe crying out pitifully for aid. Much had been done, but the big job lay ahead. The organization was bogging down, principally because of the failure of all the United

Nations subscribers in meeting their obligations. The ponderous machine designed for good works and set in motion with golden promises, had been slowed down by "politics." Of the 725,000,000 pounds of meat products of the promised minimum, only 44,000,000 pounds were shipped. And so on.

An additional \$550,000,000 installment had been authorized by Congress to be paid to UNRRA, but the appropriation had never been made. President Truman, in his "Statement on Aid to Europe," had said very bluntly:

The limiting factor in meeting their (Europe's) minimum needs is no longer one of shipping. It is no longer a case of supply. Today it is primarily a financial problem . . . to make additional funds available to UNRRA for emergency relief.

The President became genuinely alarmed, and on October 8 wrote a special letter to Congress, saying in part:

The people of the liberated countries who so gallantly resisted Axis oppression throughout the war now face a winter of acute need and privation. They look to UNRRA for assistance. Unless UNRRA is able to speed ample shipments of supplies to these war-stricken areas, widespread starvation and disease will result. Our wholehearted support will be a real contribution toward a stable and enduring peace.

What must the starving peoples of Europe who had been heartened by UNRRA's rosy promises be thinking? Starvation, privation and disease do

not pause to listen to long-winded political palaver, or to the hemming and hawing of government officials unwinding financial red tape. Aren't we, the government and the people of the United States, above all others in the whole world, in a key position to help the starving people of Europe in the big way that their desperate situation demands? We alone have a productive capacity sufficient to handle the vast relief.

Good news from our food front continues to pour in from the four corners of our America. "1945 food crop the highest in years!" announces an agricultural authority. Vegetable yield of 5,000,000,000 pounds over 1935-39, sufficient to feed 200,000,000 people; oats and potatoes (rotting in piles in New Jersey fields because of glutted market) far above the average; meat on the increase; 1,084,000,000 bushels of wheat — the largest production in our farm history; milk production at 150,000,000,000 quarts a year; turkey, chicken, fish and eggs plentiful.

In America, we have a promise of more food than we can eat. The reconversion to civilians of mountains of military supplies, has contributed much to our surplus. Therein lie the answers to such pleadings as UNRRA's, "Wheat is the most important item in meeting the absolute emergency," and ex-President Hoover's, "If we could give them only bread, great numbers of those hungry would survive till spring!"

A loaf of bread a week, or a month, sacrificed by every American, might

have much to do in moulding the society of Europe tomorrow! A modicum of our vast milk supply, given up by every individual American, would salvage thousands of the 12,000,000 undernourished children of Europe. It is estimated that if everyone would cut down his diet only 8 per cent, it would raise the tide of Europe's food supply by 80 per cent in their struggle for survival. Furthermore, grain is feed for the livestock as well as food for the people, and is eventually reconverted into meat, poultry and eggs. Finally, we must not only furnish Europe with food-stuffs and feedstuffs this winter, but also supply her with ample seeds, fertilizer and farm machinery in the spring to put the Continent back into the food-production business again.

With bumper crops of wheat in the United States, Canada and Argentina, prospects for Europe's "loaf of bread" look hopeful — if UNRRA can bring about their realization. Argentine beef is trickling into England and France, while Canada has turned back to rationing beef again — in the face of violent popular protests — to furnish Mother England with an additional dole of that protein commodity. Beyond a delivery of 50,000 tons of nitrate by Chile, however, we have little more than promises from the rest of the Western Hemisphere.

We have food in abundance. The former handicap of no available carriers no longer exists; ships are sailing to Europe with almost empty holds. There seems to be a majority will to

help. But the starving people of Europe cannot eat American good will or take sustenance from American headlines. Government *action*, not palaver, and the people's *sacrifice*, not sympathy, alone can save the situation.

It is now a race against time, if we really mean to do what we said we would. The President summed it up in opening the War Fund Drive in October: "We have won the victory of arms, now let us push on to the greater conquests — to the final victory of human justice and decency."

IV

That leaves only the resources of the crippled countries of Europe themselves to be considered. In what condition are they to contribute to their own support?

Tightly rationed Britain is still contributing to Continental relief, though she herself is facing a winter only a little brighter than the terrible years of the war. An inventory of Continental countries finds the situation spotty. Conditions are fair in most rural areas, with here and there a cow, a hog, chickens and rabbits, and patches of grain and garden truck. Little islands of plenty amidst oceans of want.

All Holland is hungry, parts of nearby France are eating well on a restricted diet. But most of France will get only eight ounces of meat a week; one pound of fats and four pounds of potatoes a month; milk for

children only. Denmark has comparatively few shortages and is exporting dairy products, but sorely needs other kinds of foods and fuel. Greece can expect little food improvement from her own resources following the worst drought in twenty-five years. Italy faces both cold and hunger after the worst harvest ever. Rumania is 50 per cent short in every food necessity, largely because of the leanest harvest in fifty years. Russia will suffer slightly less than during the invasions. Yugoslavia's hopes for averting famine rest wholly on UNRRA. Poland's situation is desperate. Axis countries will have to manage on the scrapings of their own bread pan.

The considerable financial cost of our possible aid to distressed Europe is small in comparison with the horrible price America — and the world — may be called upon to pay should we fail in our obligation. Ernest Bevin, Britain's Foreign Minister, emphasized the danger when he stated that anarchy and disease will sweep all Europe this winter unless supplies of food, clothing and fuel can be distributed to helpless populations there. Many of us remember how, after World War I, hungry mobs wandered over parts of Europe for months, foraging for food and plundering and fighting every effort to restore order.

Hunger is the most fertile seed of a bitter discontent that quickly leads to revolution. Starving people are absolutely devoid of the gentler emotions. Thus the liberated peoples of Europe, on finding themselves progressively worse off than ever, are not even thankful to their benefactors. Nor will they listen to or heed their doctrines of reeducation, congealed with cold and with no food in their stomachs.

A starving, desperate and unsuicided Europe would doubtless cancel the social and human significance of the Charter and imperil the very existence of an otherwise benevolent United Nations Plan. President Truman, at Potsdam, recently hinted at such a catastrophe when he said, "If we let Europe go cold and hungry, we may lose some of the foundations of order on which the hoped-for worldwide peace must rest."

Millions of human lives are at stake — and world peace. "Real peace," says Director General Herbert L. Lehman of UNRRA,

can never be achieved until a bridge is thrown across the torrent of destruction and misery (and hunger) that separates the people of Europe from the normal processes of decent living.

The war has been won, but it is not over while Europe still starves.



ORIGINALITY is nothing but judicious imitation.

— VOLTAIRE

FACT AND LEGEND ABOUT PALESTINE

BY GEROLD FRANK

PALESTINE today probably suffers from more misconceptions than any other country in the world. And not without reason. Here in an area slightly larger than Massachusetts is a microcosm of world history, a perfectly bewildering land, rich in diverse traditions, confusing in its complexity of races and religions, and strategically important as a sea, land and air crossroads. As the discussions on Palestine have grown more fevered, these misconceptions have increased and today the oddly assorted misinformation floating about is monumental.

I am reminded of the air corps lieutenant who buttonholed me at a Cairo bar. "So you've just come back from Palestine," he said, and grinned. "Brother, I bet they sure tear a wicked herring up there!" And the British officer in Alexandria who warned me solemnly, "Those Jews are sitting on a volcano. One of these days they'll be massacred by the Arabs." And the German refugee in New York who said with annoyance, "Oh, Palestine! Those people are fanatics. If you speak

anything but Hebrew they won't reply to you."

Such examples can be multiplied indefinitely. And this is an attempt, necessarily limited in scope, to clear the air — to segregate fact from legend about Palestine.

Legend: Palestine is a backward agricultural country whose Jewish population consists predominantly of farmers — men and women who have returned to the land.

Fact: Palestine was essentially an agricultural country. But today it is a growing industrial country. Of its estimated 600,000 Jews, one-fifth or about 120,000 are settled on the land. Agriculture continues to flourish at an amazing pace: in the last six years 79 new agricultural villages have been founded, and Palestine's collective farms now have as many tractors per cultivated acre as farms in this country. But since 1943 industry has outstripped agriculture as the leading source of national income. Palestine's 1943 industrial production was valued

GEROLD FRANK, a New York newspaper man and free-lance writer for the past fifteen years, has just returned from the Middle East, where he served as a war correspondent for Overseas Press and other news agencies. He has had feature articles published in most of the leading magazines, is co-author of *Out in the Boondocks* and *U.S.S. Seawolf*, and is now working on a book about the Middle East.

at \$80,000,000; its agricultural production at \$75,000,000. Last year industrial production leaped to an estimated \$160,000,000, of which \$30,000,000 was for the army and the government. I have heard economists talk of the country developing into a Belgium of the Middle East in which skilled labor will turn out quality products for world markets.

What must be remembered is that within the last decade the best of Europe's Jewish industrial workers and craftsmen have come to Palestine. The roll call is impressive: dressmakers, fashion designers, perfumers, auto mechanics from Paris and Vienna; diamond cutters, glass blowers, shipbuilders from Amsterdam; leather craftsmen, glove workers, interior decorators from Budapest; scientists, engineers, chemists, optical and steel workers from Berlin; pharmacists, shoemakers, laboratory technicians from Prague; geologists, oil drillers, petroleum specialists from Bucharest; garment and textile workers from Warsaw and Lodz; goldsmiths and canners from Belgrade; and stevedores and shipwrights from Athens and Salonica. As Hitlerism grew, into Palestine poured not only highly skilled workers to join those trained farmers who had come before as *Chalutzim*, or pioneers, but industrialists and entrepreneurs with capital and plans for its investment.

Almost overnight Palestine underwent an industrial revolution. Industries undreamed of by the most fervid Zionist sprang up. Electrical con-

sumption soared 2,000 per cent in a decade. The first cotton spinning mill began operations a few years ago, and diamond cutting was first introduced in 1941. Last year Palestine's booming textile industry manufactured \$10,000,000 worth of fabrics, and Tel-Aviv now is the fashion center of the Middle East. Palestine today is one of the largest diamond cutting centers in the world. Last year it was able to export \$9,000,000 worth of industrial cut diamonds to the United States alone.

Palestine's shipbuilders turn out fishing trawlers equipped with Diesel engines — *manufactured in Palestine*. Pharmaceuticals produced in Palestine — patent medicines, serums, vaccines, cosmetics, vitamins, salves and even penicillin — are found on drug-gists' shelves from Casablanca to Cairo, and soft drinks made from Palestine fruit concentrates are popular throughout the Middle East.

Haifa steel, though limited in quantity, is said to equal Swedish steel in quality, and along the shores of the Dead Sea, whose bitter brine is an inexhaustible source of minerals, chemical plants produce industrial acids, potashes, phosphates, bromides, chlorides, bleaching powders and fertilizers. Tel-Aviv, once a small suburban excrescence on the sand dunes north of Jaffa, is now a city of nearly 200,000. Haifa, terminus of a great oil line, is now the third largest port on the Mediterranean, with a population exceeding 160,000. And though Jerusalem's Old City within the Walls still

preserves its medieval character untouched, modern Jerusalem surrounding it boasts an industrial production of \$8,000,000 in food, drugs, ceramics and precision tools.

In Palestine — agricultural Palestine — where the pioneer Polish and Russian Jewish settlers once thought only in terms of orange groves and dairy products, the largest trade union is the Metal Workers Union.

Legend: Palestine is a ghetto.

Fact: This notion that Palestine is a sort of lower New York East Side, circa 1900, with improvements, should now have been pretty well debunked by those thousands of GIs who have spent furloughs in Palestine and have seen for themselves. Camp Tel-Litwinsky, twenty minutes from Tel-Aviv, was the largest American rest-camp in the Middle East, and continued in operation until October 1945.

The GIs were invariably taken aback to discover that all-Jewish Tel-Aviv was not unlike Paris or Vienna in continental atmosphere, nor — with its modern white buildings — unlike a thriving California community; that Haifa and Jerusalem, with wide avenues and glittering shop windows, parked automobiles and corner newsstands, neon-lighted night-clubs and crowded movies featuring American films, were reminiscent of their home cities in the States.

There is, of course, the Old City in Jerusalem — less than one square mile in area, a walled rectangle of Biblical

history — and there are, of course, bearded patriarchs in Palestine. At the Wailing Wall in the Old City you may meet a throwback to the medieval, mystic Kabbalist, forever absorbed in the meaning of the Redemption: men who have never permitted a razor to touch their faces, who dress in caftan and skullcap, who do not allow themselves to be photographed and who follow religious observance to the last fine edge of ritual. But ten minutes' walk away, in bustling King George Avenue, an urbane merchant who once welcomed patrons into his elegant shop on Vienna's Kärtnerstrasse now presides over an equally fashionable establishment. A stone's throw beyond is the King David Hotel, a smaller Waldorf-Astoria, with three bars, a distinctive restaurant, a chamber-music trio every afternoon at four and regular Sunday tea-dansants.

Tennis and sailing are popular sports at Tel-Aviv; water polo draws crowds at the Bat-Galim pool in Haifa; in Jerusalem the Palestine Football Competition is an annual event. My air corps lieutenant would be amazed to learn that Palestine even has a sand-grouse shooting season (opening officially every August 12 in the Beer-sheba section) and that revenue from guns and game licenses exceeds \$32,000 a year. The season for partridge, quail, hare and gazelle lasts from September 1 to February 1. The heights of Mt. Carmel are dotted with picturesque summer resorts while a golf course is laid out on the floor of the world, on the shores of the Dead Sea.

Legend: Palestine has a tropical, uncomfortable climate unsuited to Western man.

Fact: Palestinians who visit New York complain bitterly of the heat and humidity here. They can't take it. For the record, the nearest general parallel to Palestine's climate is that of southern California, save when the *khamisin* — the dry, hot wind from the desert — blows, carrying with it an almost physical sense of oppression. Jerusalem, with an altitude of 2,500 feet, has an average temperature of 85° in August, the hottest month, and 47° in January, the coldest. It compares with Charleston, South Carolina. Tel-Aviv, at sea-level, with corresponding readings of 90° and 58°, is similar to Brownsville, Texas; Haifa, with a range of 82° to 55°, may be compared with Wilmington, North Carolina. Palestine's annual rainfall is twenty-one inches, with precipitation varying from a low of seven inches in the South (as in Phoenix, Arizona) to a high of thirty-eight inches in the North (as in the hills near Los Angeles). Of Palestine's 10,400 square miles, nearly 300 square miles are water — lakes, rivers and the Dead Sea. All in all, there is a wide range of climate, for the terrain varies from the perennially snow-tipped heights of Mt. Hermon, which looks down on the northernmost border, to the valley of the Jordan, 1,200 feet below sea-level. Jerusalem has seen snow in January, but that is the month for swimming and hot baths at fashionable Kallia Hotel twenty miles away.

Legend: The Jews of Palestine are fanatically religious.

Fact: Life generally is more religious than in the United States — but with qualifications. Saturday, for example, is more publicly observed as the traditional Sabbath than Sunday here. Some Tel-Aviv hotels may serve bacon and eggs for breakfast, but Tel-Aviv buses do not run on Saturday, and even the telegraph and cable offices are closed. While in some orthodox villages a man smoking on Saturday may be reprimanded by a passerby, you may find men and women in Palestine who pay little attention to formal religious observance. Some of the younger generation, particularly those who belong to certain labor groups seeking to build a Socialist commonwealth in Palestine, are impatient with the traditional forms. Their elders, they explain, needed to participate in religious observances as the sole means of maintaining spiritual touch with Judaism. They, however, feel themselves in the mainstream of living Judaism when they work the soil of Palestine with their hands.

In Jerusalem, while having cocktails and discussing Koestler's essays of a late Friday afternoon, you may glance out the window and see the past come alive: an eighteen-year-old boy dressed in a wide-rimmed black hat and long black gabardine, earlocks dangling at his temples, walking slowly down the center of the street and blowing the *shofar*, the ram's horn. He is heralding the Sabbath as it was heralded in the days of Solomon.

Legend: The Jews of Palestine are fanatically nationalistic and their culture correspondingly narrow.

Fact: Rather than a consuming nationalism, what strike the visitor are evidences of interest in the world outside. During the war the remotest collective settlements, whose only direct communication with their neighbors was by signal light, displayed maps on the walls of their assembly halls showing the war's progress on all fronts up to the latest communiqué. The fact is that Palestine has become a melting pot of Jewry, a small United States of Jewry, with Jews from every country in the world. The community has developed a cosmopolitan culture.

Because of modern Palestine's comparative youth, some national groups are still being slowly assimilated. Hebrew is a universal tongue among the Jews — children chatter in it, newsboys shout their wares in it, school is conducted in it — but there are cafés where German or Rumanian, for instance, is more often heard. Ancient prayer boxes may be displayed in a shop window, but in an adjacent window are the latest copies of the *Nation*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the Sunday New York *Times*. *Carmen* and *Cavalleria Rusticana* were sung in Hebrew last winter by the Palestine Folk Opera Company; French, Russian, German and American choreography show their influence in the Palestine Ballet; and the Palestine Orchestra, which has been led by such conductors as Toscanini and Sargent, exhibits a wide

and catholic taste in its programs. Tel-Aviv boasts a permanent modern art exposition and its new Habima Theatre is air-conditioned, has three revolving stages, and seats more than 1,500 persons. The *Palestine Post*, an alert English daily edited by a former Philadelphia newspaper man, reviews the latest books published throughout the world and reprints pieces from the *New Yorker* and *Harper's* in its Friday literary supplement. Equally significant, the Palestine Broadcasting System recently put on a script written by an eighteen-year-old student at the Haifa Technological Institute. It dealt with the life and career of Frank Sinatra.

Legend: There will be an exodus from Palestine of Jewish refugees returning to their former homes in Europe.

Fact: There seems small likelihood of this. Those who may have intended to return realize now, reading the tragic reports of postwar anti-Semitism and the miserable condition of the Jews in most parts of Europe, how little there is to return to. These include some German, Austrian and Rumanian Jews who fled to Palestine for temporary haven. They had no agricultural training and no particular desire to be pioneers. Many put off learning Hebrew when they first arrived. Later they mastered it because every profession or industry requires the language of street and marketplace. Now, having brought something of their own to the complex of cultures which is Jewish Palestine, they begin to

realize their own successful adjustment. They are eager to remain and participate in what is and what is to be. "I would be a fool," a German Jew who came as a non-Zionist to Palestine in 1936 told me, "to leave what I have built up here and return to Germany now, after nearly ten years. What would I find there? Anti-Semitism, unrest and bitter memories. It would be absolute cruelty to my family. They are happy here. My eleven-year-old son knows no other life. Can you imagine, too, how we feel seeing our children grow up in Palestine without anti-Semitic complexes? My son isn't even conscious that he is a Jew as Jews in other countries are made aware of it. This is his world — and ours, now, too."

Legend: Palestine is an artificial economic creation built by philanthropy and it will collapse if this ceases.

Fact: Of an estimated \$650,000,000 invested by the Jewish people in Palestine in the last quarter-century, less than 20 per cent — or about \$125,000,000 — was contributed by the three great funds: the Palestine Foundation Fund, the Jewish National Fund and Hadassah. The remaining \$525,000,000 was brought into Palestine by the immigrants themselves; their capital financed and developed nearly all of Palestine's industry. Without the Funds, much of the agricultural and urban development would have been impossible. But swamps drained or lands improved represent new and productive assets.

The National Fund purchases land and leases it to settlers at a low rental not exceeding 2 per cent of its value. The Foundation Fund lends money to purchase equipment and to develop the land. These loans are being steadily amortized. Small collective farms founded on such land show net annual earnings of \$10,000 and up, most of which goes to pay off their debts. Today overseas markets are being opened and peace industries are rapidly absorbing workers from the heavier industries. There is inflation in Palestine and the cost of living is high. But an index to economic conditions may be gleaned from the fact that in the last three years the Jews of Palestine contributed \$9,200,000 to a War Needs and Rescue Fund, of which nearly \$3,000,000 went for rescue and relief of European Jews.

Legend: Jews and Arabs are at each other's throats in Palestine.

Fact: It would be absurd to dismiss the political factor in current Arab-Jewish relations, but certain things should be set straight. First, there is no racial or psychological antagonism between the two peoples, and political tensions have little effect on day-to-day relationships. Secondly, basic in the problem is the conflict between a modern, twentieth-century civilization and a semi-feudal fifteenth-century way of life. The situation is deliberately aggravated by those who, because of vested interests, have most to lose: particularly the Arab effendis (land-owning class) who live on the rents of

their lands worked by Arab sharecroppers and who suspect any enterprise which may lead to raising of wages and living standards. The Histadruth, the Jewish Federation of Labor, has given impetus to a trade union movement among the Arabs — a fact highly unpalatable to the ruling class. Arab and Jewish workers have paraded the streets together carrying banners reading, “Long live Arab-Jewish labor.”

Nationalistic feelings are aflame today; there is no question that the flames are being fanned from within and from abroad. But the Arab masses themselves — the vast majority of whom have been exploited for centuries, first by the Turks, then by their own upper class, who are largely illiterate, whose life mainly conforms to tribal patterns and to whom statehood as a concept has little meaning — are not primarily concerned with political hegemony or political power. Under the Turks they did not have it; under their own ruling class they do not have it. With the Jews they are beginning slowly to understand that serfdom and burdening debt are not inevitable ways of life.

This does not mean there are no minor frictions. But continued education and democratic development in the Middle East, in the opinion of observers, would serve to eradicate many of them. An Arab *fellah*, or peasant, whose son, seeing Jewish boys and girls in each other's company, wants to know why he can't date Arab girls — a practice not followed

by the Arabs — is irritated. A peasant whose wife, long accustomed to drudgery, to carrying baskets on her head while her husband rides ahead on a donkey, becomes dissatisfied at the sight of Jewish women playing with their children in the park or accompanying their husbands of an evening — another practice not followed by the Arabs.

Legend: The Jews are dispossessing the Arabs.

Fact: The Jews now own less than 613 square miles of Palestine's 10,400 square miles — or about 6 per cent. Under the British White Paper of 1939, they have been prohibited, save in a tiny section, from buying more. Contrary to general belief, the Arabs, instead of being driven out of Palestine, have been deserting their homes in neighboring Arab lands and flocking into Palestine to live. From 1922 to 1944, the Arab population of Palestine increased from 670,000 to nearly 1,200,000: of this increase more than 85,000 were immigrants. There are reasons for this. In Palestine, Arab labor receives more than in any other Middle Eastern country. Arab workers at the Dead Sea chemical plants earn \$3.50 a day in contrast to the 45 cents a day earned by Arab laborers in chemical plants in Egypt, and the cost of living is about the same in both countries. After all, you cannot pour \$650,000,000 into a country as small as Palestine, reclaiming land, drying up swamps, eradicating malaria, trachoma, amoebic dysentery and many

of the diseases stemming from ignorance, filth and malnutrition, without benefit to all. While the Arab population has doubled in Palestine in the last quarter-century, it has risen at most only 20 per cent in other Arab countries. In Trans-Jordan, also under British mandate, it has remained stationary. Today Palestine has the lowest Arab death rate, the lowest Arab infant mortality rate and the highest Arab birth rate of any country in the Middle East.

Legend: The Jews of Palestine are in danger of being massacred by the Arabs.

Fact: Even were the Arabs to be so unified, and then incited to a point at which they would attempt wholesale attack — both, I believe, highly unlikely — two factors must be considered. One is the military might of the Arabs in Palestine and the second is the defensive strength of the Jews in Palestine. There is no Palestine Arab army. The country's security is in the hands of the British. It is no secret that there are illicit arms in Palestine. But the Jews possess these as well as the Arabs, and the Jews are better trained in the use of modern arms. Some 35,000 Jews fought in the war under British command, as against less than 8,000 Arabs. The Haganah, the self-defense organization of Palestine Jewry, has in its ranks a large number of members who have also been trained in modern firearms.

The probability of any effective participation by Arabs from neighboring lands in any uprising in Palestine

is considered strategically absurd. Even with this eventuality in mind, the Jews of Palestine appear unperturbed. They point to the meagerness of Arab military strength in the Middle East. They point to Egypt's sorry army of about 20,000, minus heavy armor; to Iraq, where British troops had to be called in to suppress a tribal revolt this year; to Saudi Arabia's picturesque desert horsemen who would make a poor showing as an invading army. They cite the fact that Syria has no army; that Trans-Jordan's tiny frontier force is commanded by a British officer; that the Arab countries possess no munitions industries and that replacement parts for weapons would have to be imported from Western countries. Military commentators also emphasize the vast desert distances which would have to be covered before there could be any meeting of such Graustarkian forces, and the fact that these states, each jealous of its own sovereignty, are competitive rather than co-operative, and forever plagued by internal and domestic tensions.

Such are some of the legends and facts about Palestine. There are many more. A picturesque legend customarily is far more attractive than the sober reality. In the case of Palestine, it seems to me, the contrary is true. The legends spell futility and insurmountable difficulties; the facts tell us of a land rejuvenated, an ancient and once glorious area of the world slowly but surely climbing back to its rightful place in the sun.

WORKSHOP OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

BY BRAND BLANSHARD

MOST of us, sooner or later, are called upon to prepare a speech or write an article. It is a miserable business as a rule. We perhaps go to the nearest library, forage about among books and articles, and take voluminous, hopeful notes. Then as the hour of reckoning nears, we sit down with a blank sheet before us, spread out the notes, discover with a lost feeling that most of them are useless, and sit there in barrenness and indignity, watching the hands of the clock go 'round. It is the sort of experience that breeds gray hairs.

Much of this misery is needless and could be avoided by the application of one open secret. The secret is this: thinking may be done unconsciously.

Great writers have known this fact and made generous use of it. Stevenson, when he had a story to write, would block out the plot and then leave the detail to his "Brownies," the little people who worked during sleep in the hidden places of his mind. Henry James has described how, in writing *The American*, he took his

main idea and "dropped it for the time into the deep well of unconscious cerebration," where it went on to take form and substance. Goethe says that he produced *Werther* "somewhat unconsciously, like a sleepwalker." Milton, for long periods, would brood over a theme and write nothing. But during these "droughts," as he called them, the springs were forming beneath the surface and suddenly, in the middle of the night sometimes, he would call for his daughters to catch, from dictation, the torrent of verse that came welling up. People used to wonder at the pulpit fertility of Beecher; he once preached daily for eighteen months without missing a day; and his sermons were powerful ones. But he has left it on record that the work was largely unconscious. He kept a number of themes ripening at once in the cellars of his mind; a week or so before the sermon was due, he would select one that was well along, consider it a while intently, then commit it again to the cellar. On the morning of delivery he would

BRAND BLANSHARD is a professor of philosophy at Yale University and former president of the American Philosophical Association. A frequent contributor to magazines and journals, he is the author of several books, including *The Nature of Thought*, and has been selected by the Armed Forces Institute to collaborate on a textbook, *Preface to Philosophy*.

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find that it had germinated into a large mass of relevant ideas which he would then order and put down at tremendous speed.

Nor is it only in art and letters that unconscious thinking has been used; it has solved some of the knottiest problems of the sciences. The great mathematician Poincaré relied upon it constantly. After doing his conscious best without result, he would turn the problem over to the unconscious, confident that in time the answer would appear. It usually did. Sir William Hamilton discovered quaternions in the same way. He had worked on the problem for years without apparent result. Then one day when he was out for a walk with his wife, the answer "started into life full-grown. . . . I then and there felt the galvanic circuit of thought close." He knew at once that the work had been done, and all he had to do was to seize a notebook and jot down the complicated equations that flowed effortlessly into his mind.

How do we know that this is unconscious thinking, and not merely the heightened action of a mind refreshed? In this way: the result in such cases must be reached through a series of steps; if the process were conscious, these steps would of course be known; but they are often quite unknown. Thus Gauss had been working on a theorem in arithmetic for four years, after which, "as a sudden flash of light the enigma was solved." But he explicitly adds that he was unable to see the thread he must have fol-

lowed in reaching this end result.

Now these are remarkable men, of the sort that James described as "quarto and folio editions of mankind." There is no sort of technique by itself that will enable us to do what they did. But the method they used is as open to us as it was to them, and its use would mean an enormous saving of effort and struggle. What are the rules of this method?

1. Specify your problem consciously.

Coin it at the beginning into a perfectly definite question. Remember that thinking is not musing, or wool-gathering, or dreaming, or day-dreaming, or "inviting one's soul"; it is the attempt to find a suggestion that will settle a particular point, and if there is no point to settle, thought is left without guidance. You can't think on the universe in general, no matter how hard you try. You can't think even about a particular thing; you can only call up other things suggested by it, which is a totally different matter. To think is to marshal ideas with reference to an end. The schoolboy who is assigned an essay on Napoleon or the Great Pyramid turns out a hodgepodge of ideas, and naturally enough. Properly speaking you can't *think* simply about Napoleon or the Great Pyramid. But convert the topic into a question, "*How* was the Great Pyramid built?" — and thinking can get under way. The business of the mind is now to drag its depths for ideas relevant to *that*, and this process of dragging depths can be

carried out unconsciously. If your first question is not quite definite, try again. For example, this question about the Great Pyramid can be made much more specific. You can see, with a little reflection, that the real point is this: How did people without machinery ever hoist those great stones into place? Drop a question as definite as that into the question-box of the unconscious, and you may well get results. You will get no reply to a slip left blank.

2. *Mobilize at the outset the resources you already have.* Carry the making of conscious suggestions as far as you can; that will start the unconscious ball rolling with a vigorous push. Even experts in this sort of thinking admit that an initial effort is necessary. Poincaré, who relied upon it constantly, said that sudden inspirations never came to him except after hard preliminary effort. "I have found," says Bertrand Russell, "that if I have to write upon some rather difficult topic the best plan is to think about it with very great intensity — the greatest intensity of which I am capable — for a few hours or days, and at the end of that time give orders, so to speak, that the work is to proceed underground. After some months I return consciously to the topic and find that the work has been done." It is idle to rely on artistic temperament and simply to wait till the spirit moves. This is not to deny that there are geniuses to whom the barest suggestion of a theme will start the wheels

of creation. It is said of Beethoven that "three notes of a bird would inspire him with a leading motive." Coleridge fell asleep with his book open at a passage about Kubla Khan's building a palace, and proceeded to dream his immortal poem. But even here the theme was set by the conscious self; and the farther we are from genius, the more must that self supply. The unconscious is a sort of flywheel of the conscious, and thought must have achieved a high momentum if, when it stops, its motion is to make much difference to the ponderous wheel below.

The two rules we have so far given clear up an old paradox. Is work of the highest order laborious or effortless? The best authorities are divided, and unfortunately the same authorities can be cited on both sides. Shelley says that the finest poetry is produced without labor or study; yet of some of his own best work he confesses that it sprang from "the agony and bloody sweat of intellectual travail." The very Coleridge who wrote the effortless *Kubla Khan* says of his *Christabel*, "every line has been produced by me with labor-pangs." Emerson says he was the passive spectator of much that presented itself before him: "I look up and put myself in the attitude of reception, but from some alien energy the visions come." But he also says that thinking is "the hardest task in the world." These sound like mere contradictions. Are they? No; our rules show that they may all be true at once. The pre-

liminaries *are* hard work. The clear defining of an issue, the dragging to light of reluctant ideas — that is a matter of sweat and strain. But it is no strain to gather fruit that is falling all around us. When Emerson's oracle was speaking, he could sit back at ease and record it. But, as he says himself, "the oracle comes because we had previously laid siege to the shrine."

3. *Take time.* The unconscious dislikes being hurried; it will not be bullied. If you attempt to bully it, it will probably go on strike. Have you ever tried to recall a name and, failing to get it, grown impatient and insisted on having it? If you have, you may remember how your unconscious self withheld it till you stopped your browbeating. It wants to be left alone to do things in its own time, and if you comply it will serve you loyally, even though you forget about it and give your attention to something else. I know an immensely busy executive who applies this rule continually. He knows that the prompt decisions that are taken as a mark of efficiency are commonly snap decisions, and he deliberately avoids them in order to get the advice of the unconscious. When an important issue arises, he will scrutinize it carefully and thoughtfully, then set it aside for something else, which, if important, he will treat in exactly the same way. Many such problems may be brewing in the depths at once while his upper self is occupied strenuously with other concerns. One by one, as they reach

maturity, he will take them out and give his decision. With remarkable regularity it has proved a sound decision. That human dynamo, the late Archbishop Temple of Canterbury, astonished his contemporaries by writing books on metaphysics in the intervals of administering his vast see. How did he get the time to do the necessary thinking? "All my decisive thinking," he wrote, "goes on behind the scenes; I seldom know when it takes place — much of it certainly on walks or during sleep — and I never know the processes which it has followed."

Give the unconscious time. It takes time just to learn what you think on any important question. When the young man asked Daniel Webster how to master extemporaneous speaking, Webster replied that there was no such thing. Examinations that are crammed, speeches that are impromptu, essays written on the spur of the moment, snap decisions, if they really are the product of the moment, are almost bound to be superficial. Sleep on a decision for a single night — and it will be a better decision. And the more time the unconscious can get, the better it likes it. "A well-known academic psychologist who was also a preacher," writes Graham Wallas, "told me that he found by experience that his Sunday sermon was much better if he posed the problem on Monday than if he did so later in the week, although he might give the same number of conscious hours to it." We all know nowadays that in order to memorize anything it is bet-

ter to take an hour today and another hour tomorrow than to take two hours at once; time works the matter in. But do we realize that the unconscious is a workshop, not merely a storage warehouse; that William James was literally right about our learning to swim in winter and skate in summer? Do we realize and use the fact that in thinking also time is on our side?

4. *Seize the intimations of the unconscious when they come.* They may come at any time and in any volume. Poincaré says that one of the greatest of his mathematical discoveries came when he was getting into a bus, and at the same time talking with a friend on a different topic; he took his seat and went on with the conversation with the delightful awareness that his problem was solved. Graham Wallas wrote that many of his best ideas came in his bath, and that he was in need of waterproof tablets and pencils, though he had never had the courage to ask for them. Professor Barrett Wendell, Harvard's distinguished teacher of the art of writing, confessed himself unable to think an article through; it presented itself in fragments which he put down on cards; and when he had enough of these, he would sort them out, put in the connectives, and there was his article. Not a highly rational procedure, do you say? True. But it remains a fact that most minds work that way, and it is well to prepare oneself accordingly. One should keep a notebook always ready to record the

intimations whenever they may come.

It is not difficult to see why. For one thing, the intimations may come in the hurly-burly of other work and be instantly drowned out. Further, they are shy as fawns; unless one gives them a friendly welcome they will take fright and vanish. Once more, their appearance may be the cue that the work below is done; if so, now is the time to let them in. Stop what you are doing abruptly. Listen quietly but intently to such voices as you can hear; if the time is ripe, you will find that they come in increasing volume and perhaps that in one pregnant half-hour everything essential in your speech or article is there before you.

5. *Don't confuse unconscious thinking with worry.* Both, to be sure, are forms of brooding. But in fact they are mortal enemies. Worry is half-conscious fear, and fear freezes the very springs of thought and action. Many an examinee has known his mind to go blank when he faces the questions he dreads. Many a good talker falls silent, his flow of ideas dried up at the source, when he enters a group where he feels inferior or ill at ease. Many a writer whose rent is due or whose health is bad or whose wife is out of patience has cudged his brain without profit because, though his conscious self can forget, the little people in the workshop below cannot forget, and have laid down their tools in a dither. Creative work is impossible to minds preoccupied and distraught. It is pleasant to think that genius blows where it

lists and will make its way through any circumstances, but there is little truth in the notion. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch points out that of the dozen greatest poets of the last hundred years, all but one had incomes which freed them from concern for the necessities of life. That one, John Keats, succumbed at twenty-five.

No mind can create while it is divided against itself. For that reason it is well, at times, to give up conscious effort and to let the unconscious have its way with us. Just as it is a mistake to suppose that effort can be wholly dispensed with, so it is a mistake to keep forever at it. Continual conscious strain ends by breaking the soul in two; the workers below get disgruntled for want of notice; they slack down, and the man finds himself thinking and speaking from the surface of his mind. He must learn, in order to restore himself, to surrender the conscious helm and let his

thoughts drift idly on the tides that come from his uncharted self. "As soon as our attention is relaxed," says Baudouin, "it becomes possible for all our inner life to flow together, to collect itself within us." This is the rich idleness of Stevenson's *Apology for Idlers*. In conversation some time ago with a foreign scholar, I remarked with regret that American poets of the day seemed less productive of notable things than one could wish. "How could they be?" was his exclamation. "They are not idle enough!" Whether he was right in fact I shall not judge, but he was certainly right in his implied theory. "Repose is necessary to great efforts," says Hazlitt, "and he who is never idle labours in vain."

Thought without tears is a fact. It is not a matter of ability; it is a matter of technique. And the technique is within the range of everyone who reads this.



THE reputation of a man is like his shadow — gigantic when it precedes him and pygmy in its proportions when it follows. — TALLEYRAND

SATIRE lies about literary men while they live and eulogy lies about them when they die. — VOLTAIRE

I NEVER saw the use of the sea. Many a sad heart it has caused, and many a sick stomach has it occasioned. The boldest sailor climbs on board with a heavy soul, and leaps on land with a light spirit. — DISRAELI

TIME ON HIS HANDS

A Story

BY SIGMUND MILLER

ARNOLD was at home, alone. It was very quiet. He sat in the overstuffed easy-chair smoking a cigarette, engrossed in watching the blue-gray smoke rise gently up, as if from a softly spouting kettle. After crushing the cigarette in an ash tray, he got up and walked across the foyer. The telephone caught his eye. Whom should he call? He looked through the little brown address-book and found no one who interested him, but he felt a strong urge to telephone.

He picked up the receiver and dialed seven times at random. A busy signal. Hah, here was a game. What was the law of averages in getting a number this way? He tried again. Another busy signal. Again he tried, again a busy signal. He dialed once more with rising interest, and this time got a number, but there was no answer. He let it ring six or seven times and then hung up. The game now intrigued him. If only that someone had been at home. That someone

might have been an exotic, beautiful woman or perhaps someone of importance, with whom he might have become friendly.

He tried three times more. On the third attempt, he was successful. A woman with an agreeable voice answered. At last a human voice, emerging from a long series of mechanical clicks and buzzes — but he did not know what to say.

After a formidable pause, Arnold said haltingly, "I'm sorry. We're a . . . having a party . . ."

"What party? Who is this?" demanded the agreeable voice, now also an imperious voice.

"Oh, nothing . . . just — er — nothing." He was now completely rattled.

There was a pause. He heard the hostile voice of a man.

"Hello, who do you want?"

Arnold slowly hung up, filled with embarrassment. It was very ridiculous. Funny world, all you have to do

SIGMUND MILLER, recently discharged after three years in the Army, wrote training and documentary films for the Army Pictorial Services. He has resumed his work as radio script writer for such programs as *Inner Sanctum* and *Suspense*, and is currently at work finishing a full-length play.

is pick up the phone to make trouble for someone you never saw. Wonder who they were? Wonder what they must be saying now? Must have made them very curious. They'll suspect everybody. Anyone can cause a riot just by picking up the phone and sending out alarms. You could play God! How about calling up Eddie and telling him something he shouldn't know? What shouldn't he know? Arnold gave it up. It was very ridiculous.

He walked across the living-room and peered out of the window. The lights were on in most of the apartments across the narrow courtyard. Directly opposite, people were playing cards. They all looked serious. He left the window and rummaged in the closet, finally digging up a pair of binoculars from underneath his wife's old shoes. The leather case was dusty. Arnold went to the kitchen and carefully wiped it clean with a dish towel.

He tried the binoculars by looking across the room. The closet loomed absurdly large. To test his judgment, he placed one eye at the glass and kept the other eye open. About three times nearer, he speculated. The marking on the eyepiece said 4 X. Not a bad guess. He reversed the eyepiece. The closet was now very far away.

After switching off the light, he walked in darkness to the window and peered through the glasses. The four still sat at their game. They seemed close enough for him to touch. He could easily read the cards of the fellow with his back to him. Two men, two women, all about the same

age — in their early thirties. What a furore he could cause, if only he knew their telephone number. He scanned the room for the telephone, but could not find it.

If only he could call them, speak to them in a hollow voice and call off their cards! But the women would get scared — and the men, too.

II

Slowly, in a meticulous manner, he examined the other lighted windows of the massive building across the narrow yard. It was early in the evening, most of the shades were still up. With impersonal curiosity, he peered into the apartments of his neighbors. They weren't doing much — reading, eating, talking.

He came back to the four who were playing cards. They were the best to watch. One of the women, playing the dummy hand, watched the game, deeply absorbed, her head resting in the cup of her palms. She wore a ring on her left hand, third finger. Married. Wonder how she would feel if she knew someone was watching her?

"Look up, look up!" he commanded telepathically. His brow knitted with the effort of effecting a transfer of will. She gazed steadily at the game. He tried again, this time repeating the words monotonously, like the tick-tock of a clock. "Look up, look up, look up, look up." She did not move.

Telepathy is nonsense. He walked back to the living-room. He pressed the switch and sat down in the same

blue easy-chair. The nap of it felt like a fuzzy kitten. He ran his hand repeatedly across the side. Then arising suddenly he picked up a book. The pages rippled in his hand. The book closed with a bang.

The cigarettes were lying on the table. What if he had only one arm, could he light a match? It shouldn't be too hard. With great difficulty, he tore a match from the book. Some time elapsed before he succeeded in striking a flame. He held the burning match victoriously, and then watched the flame crawl along the matchstick until he burned his fingers. He dropped the match, struck another one and lit a cigarette. After a few puffs, he put the cigarette out in the exact center of the ash tray. He got up and walked to the window. The four were still playing. He turned away and walked back to the living-room, picked up the book again and as quickly dropped it.

On the desk, slantwise on a blank sheet of paper, was a pencil. Arnold sat down and began to scribble aimlessly. Then with greater application, he drew single-line figures of people in various stages of action. Above them he filled in the sun, clouds and some birds. He signed his name underneath in an elaborate, half-print, half-script fashion. Not a bad drawing.

He looked in the mirror hanging in the foyer. Of a sudden, he scowled ferociously. Pleased, he tried again, contorting his face differently. He glared, frowned and sneered in succession. Then he experimented with

softer expressions. He was, in turn, gay, tender, compassionate, sad and whimsical. With the aid of both hands, he finally tried to make himself look agreeable on one side and disagreeable on the other.

While contorting his face, a vague hankering came upon him. He decided he was thirsty. Something cold and liquid would taste good. He walked to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. No bottled soda. The jello looked good, but he must find something to drink not eat. On the shelves were lots of vegetables and dairy foods, including a milk bottle that had just enough milk to cover the bottom. Not enough.

He looked into the food closet for some canned fruit juice. The shelves were full, but there was nothing he could drink. Out of the corner of the bottom compartment peeped the upper part of a bottle. The pots and pans made a clattering noise as he drew it out. It was a bottle of *Kleen-kwik*. Very attractive bottle, he thought. The skull and bones on the label stood out boldly. He read the rest of the inscription aloud: "Wonderful New Discovery Disinfects As It Cleans."

Ridiculous how such stuff could cause death. Seems impossible. How could a person be affected by such an innocent-looking liquid. He would see how it feels to pour it in a glass and hold it to his lips. It was very ridiculous.

Arnold poured the liquid into a glass that had tiny pictures of blue-

birds. He was amused. Now he held the glass up to the light. The liquid was transparent and sparkling. Coming like a sudden gust of wind upon him, an eager voice, exciting, insistent, wild, said, "Drink it, drink it!" It was a compelling voice that demanded action. Arnold put the glass to his lips and tilted it.

III

The acrid smell and the first burning drop touching his lips shocked him, awakened him, and he put the glass violently down. He was frightened, very frightened. For a moment he stared at the glass, then with shaky hand he poured the contents into the sink. He bent down and let the water from the faucet run over his lips. A pulse throbbed in his throat.

Just then the door opened. In walked Eva, bringing with her some of the cold from the outside.

"Hello, darling," she said busily and disposed of her coat quickly. "How have you been?" She held up her face to him.

"All right," he said, kissing her.

It was not the routine kiss and she noticed it.

"What's the matter, darling? Anything wrong?"

"No — nothing at all." He molded his face to a lighter pattern.

She looked at him intently.

"Are you angry or something?"

"Angry? I'm not angry at anything."

Eva seemed satisfied with his tone

and walked into the kitchen. She sniffed. "I smell something. What is it?" She wrinkled her brow. "Disinfectant, that's what it is. Why is the kitchen smelling of disinfectant?" Her voice had a touch of uneasy bewilderment.

"Disinfectant?" he repeated, a little surprised. "Oh . . . *that!* I spilled some of that *Kleenkwik*." He sat down at the table and began reading the evening paper, which she had brought with her.

"How did you spill it?" she asked, not knowing why she was so perturbed.

"I was looking for something to drink and I accidentally spilled it."

"How could you spill it? It has a screw top."

He did not know what to say and tried to appear absorbed in the newspaper.

"Arnold, you're not listening to me!" she complained anxiously.

A happy solution came to him. "I knocked the bottle over and some of it trickled out, so I unscrewed the cap to see if it was on wrong. It just happened as you walked in."

Relief came back to her. She went into the living-room. "Why have you got the binoculars out?" she called.

"Oh, I had nothing to do, so I rummaged around," he said with studied indifference.

"Nice picture you drew — it's very original," she declared very casually.

"Isn't it?" he called back. The glass! There was some of the stuff still in the glass! He must wash it before she came

back. Arnold turned the faucet and lifted the glass.

Eva was at the archway. "Arnold!" she cried, her voice anguished and terse, her eyes full of fear. He put the glass down without rinsing it and walked over to her. There was nothing he could hide from her; she watched him so carefully, even knew what he was thinking about.

She was in his arms. "Arnold! I don't know what's the matter! Something's wrong, something's wrong! I know it."

"Nothing's wrong, Eva," he said, upset at the unhappy look on her face.

"You mustn't let yourself go," she pleaded, controlling her tears. "Please darling, you mustn't."

"It's not that," he said, trying hard to think it out. "It's just — I don't

know. Maybe — maybe the three years I spent in a Jap prison — three years in one room does things to a guy. Maybe I'm — I'm still a prisoner."

"You're not a prisoner, Arnold. You're as free and as normal as anyone. After dinner, we'll go for a long walk. We'll walk anywhere you please . . . as long as you want."

"Yes," he said, as he pulled her close to him. His voice was full of sadness. "A long walk will do me a lot of good. I need the exercise."

She was sobbing quietly on his chest. He looked at her dark brown hair — nice to touch, soft and thick. How many strands of hair were there to a square inch? Probably between five hundred and a thousand. He proceeded to count the strands along the hairline of her forehead.



SYMPATHY

BY JOHN VAN BRAKLE

THESE are the things that always touch
 The heart's deep core:
 The breaking of defiant waves
 On rock and shore;
 A beggar's look of hunger and despair;
 The heads of little children bowed in prayer;
 The last good-bye
 And closing of the door.

Diabetes usually permits normal living,  though insulin injections are generally needed. When the pancreas stops  producing adequate insulin, diabetes starts. Cells of the pancreas,  located  behind the stomach, normally manufacture insulin needed to store and burn sugar. 

If you're plump and middle-aged . . .

. . . watch for diabetes! Be on the lookout for these signs:

1. Constant hunger and loss of weight, despite overeating, because your body can't make use of the food you eat.

2. Continuous, or aggravated, thirst. Because the kidneys are working overtime to dispose of excess sugar, you try to replace the water lost.

3. Weariness and irritability. Because your body is unable to make proper use of food and water, it tires faster. Boils and carbuncles are often an indication of diabetes, particularly in older people.

These three conditions are indications of well-established diabetes, but are often absent in early or mild cases. Accordingly, it is important for everyone with a family history of diabetes—all the more if overweight—to have

an annual physical examination, including urinalysis.

Twenty-five years ago diabetics were virtual invalids, subjected to a drastic near-starvation diet. But with the discovery in 1921 that injected insulin could add to the diabetics' own supply, medical science gave them a new lease on life—and a pleasant one.

If you are diabetic, your faithful, intelligent co-operation with a physician will enable him to control the disease through *diet*, *exercise*, and *insulin*. While injections of insulin won't *cure* diabetes—as yet there is *no* known cure—they will supply this vital substance and thus enable you to lead a practically normal life.

To learn more about diabetes and its treatment, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 125-L, entitled: "Diabetes."

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EMPLOYMENT FOR THE HANDICAPPED

By ROSS L. HOLMAN

BACK in pre-Pearl Harbor days there were hundreds of industries in this country that would not hire a man unless a physical examination showed him to be a "perfect specimen." But war has changed our social thinking on this question. Many employers have learned that a man with impaired limbs, for example, can still do efficient office work, inspect cartridge cases, or serve as President of the United States.

If you had sat around most war plants just before V-J Day, you would have seen among those reporting for work blind men led by Seeing Eye dogs, paralytics in wheel chairs, deaf mutes, and other impaired humans who made as big a contribution to the war effort as any two-eyed, two-eared and four-membered workers. When Uncle Sam began throwing most of his flawless specimens into the armed services, industry went into the highways and hedges and brought in the maimed, halt and blind from all directions.

Until the war, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation would not employ any

but able-bodied men. When the scarcity of manpower became acute, however, it had to overlook physical defects that would have been insuperable before the bombs began falling. By the time of Japan's surrender, it had 600 handicapped employees. Whatever misgivings the management may have had about putting these physical deficients on the payroll have been shattered by their record. They accepted their deformities as a challenge. R. A. Von Hake, vice-president in charge of manufacturing, said, "They seem determined to excel the physically unimpaired workers and put in extra effort. They are hard-hitting, dependable and capable."

Take the blind workers at Lockheed, for example. It required longer to train them than the able-bodied employees, but once they were familiar with the job, their level of skill and accuracy was actually greater than that of the others. There was Ted Bushnell, a blind man who took over a parts-numbering machine from another worker. He not only made that machine click as efficiently as his un-

ROSS L. HOLMAN, a native of Tennessee, has combined farming with a career of editing and writing. For a number of years he was editor of a farm magazine, and since 1939 he has been a contributor to approximately 150 publications.

blemished predecessor had done, but invented for it a device that increased its production 50 per cent. James Garfield, another sightless worker, invented an adjustment knob and turn-on switch for his burring roll that was adopted throughout the plant.

Not only at Lockheed but in practically every industry in the country where the experiment was tried, management has found that a man with impaired sight or hearing can still use his brains, and that an employee with a club foot can still use his hands on a job where a normal foot is not necessary. During 1944 the Bureau of Labor Statistics made a survey of 300 manufacturing plants to see how well the handicapped employees were delivering the goods. Approximately 87 per cent of the 63,382 impaired workers in these establishments were found to be just as efficient as the unimpaired doing the same work. Another 8 per cent were found to be more efficient, and this outweighed the remaining 5 per cent who were less so. Among the handicapped workers there was far less absenteeism and labor turnover and fewer industrial accidents.

II

These experiences in the employment of society's casualties have been quite a revelation to many tradition-bound executives. They had held congealed ideas to the effect that no person could do any kind of work unless a physical examination could show a

body without defect. They are learning today that a man does not have to qualify as a racetrack sprinter or a pugilistic slugger in order to handle jobs in which the chief asset is brains and loyalty.

Before the war everybody pitied the afflicted person. Everyone seemed willing to give him an understanding smile or pat him on the back, but few wanted to hire him.

A few years ago George Barr, who had just completed a course in chemistry, lost a leg in a street-car accident. After leaving the hospital, he began looking for a job. One employer after another turned down his application until he became so discouraged he did not want to look another personnel manager in the face. He could not understand how the loss of a lower limb could damn a graduate chemist so completely, especially since he did not expect to mix chemicals with his feet.

Finally, in desperation, he took his few unspent dollars, rented a dilapidated old Chicago building and went into the chemical manufacturing business on his own. It was a desperate gamble on a slender shoestring, but it seemed to be the only hope of doing anything in the field for which he was trained.

The first man Barr hired after he got more work than he could do himself was a deaf mute. Then, as business picked up, he kept on hiring the blind, the crippled, the paralyzed, men with spinal curvatures — handicapped people of every description. He pulled

many of them off the charity rolls. Reversing the attitude of most other employers, he would not hire a whole man if a handicapped person could do the work. He paid them the same wages as able-bodied men received in competing plants and ran rings around some of those plants in production. With 142 such workers, George Barr filled a number of Navy orders and made a variety of cosmetics, medical preparations and toilet articles. On government contracts he was often able to bid as much as 20 per cent under his competitors' offer and still make a reasonable profit because of the production-rate of his handicapped workers.

There is no secret about the way the employees of G. Barr & Co., in spite of their handicaps, can produce. The only mystery is why plenty of other employers did not discover this fact before Barr did. It is only a matter of finding a job in which the worker's particular affliction is no serious impediment. For example, Barr finds that a girl who is deaf and dumb need not necessarily be incapable of operating a bottle-filling machine. He allows paralytics who have the use of their hands to wrap packages and pack them in cartons, while the supplies are placed within their reach by epileptic boys. A girl with arthritis or a boy with one arm can do clerical work.

And that is the way the system clicks all through the Barr plant. It is not a business built and motivated by philanthropic impulses.

George Barr has to keep down costs, find markets and try to get a dollar's worth of service for every dollar he spends on his payroll. If he didn't, the business would fail.

III

There are often conditions connected with certain handicaps that actually increase the skill of the one afflicted. The deaf mute, for instance, is not distracted from his work by the conversation or noises around him and, consequently, has greater powers of concentration. The blind person develops a sensitiveness of touch that partially compensates for his loss of sight.

At General Electric's Fort Edward plant one of the topmost producers among the lathe operators is Preston G. Harrington who has been blind since birth. He makes motor parts and turns out work faster than most of his perfect-eyed colleagues because he is able to check their measurement variations by touch instead of by gauge and rule.

At the plant of the Remington Arms Company there is an inspector who can spot the slightest defect in any cartridge case he handles. His checking of these cases is so astoundingly efficient you would think he was endowed with a super-sight, except that he doesn't do it by sight. He *has* to do it by touch.

It didn't take a major war to goad Henry Ford into using the nation's blemished humans. He has been doing

it for many long years. A report of over two years ago showed that he had 1,208 totally or partially blind employees, ten with both legs amputated, 157 with one leg gone, 322 with heart trouble — altogether 11,163 workers in various stages of disability getting as much pay as the physically sound workers on the same jobs. The blind men averaged 95 cents to \$1.15 an hour.

The Lewyt Corporation of Brooklyn has 600 workers that by prewar standards would be regarded as almost unemployable. Of this number 66 have such defects as hernia, blindness and heart trouble. Thirty-six were rejected by the Army for emotional instability. When war needs were pressing, turnover among these 600 by voluntary resignation was less than 1 per cent and absenteeism less than 2 per cent.

Before the war ended, Vultee had 700 impaired workers whose attendance record was better than that of the able-bodied employees. Vega Aircraft hired hundreds of disabled men and women; Western Electric, 652. Goodyear Aircraft Corporation reported that the 350 deaf mutes on its payroll were some of the best workers it had. In one war plant in Brooklyn a blind woman making bed sheets for the Navy supported four children and an invalid husband. Another blind matron made about \$75 a week.

Michael Supa, who has been blind since the age of two, was recently elected to the executive staff of the International Business Machines Cor-

poration. In his position he is making a special effort to place blind people in jobs in which they might make an independent living.

IV

One thing we cannot afford to forget is that from the war just ended have come disabled servicemen by the tens of thousands. They gave everything they had to guarantee our right to earn an honest living in a free country. It would be a disgrace if in our vaunted system of free enterprise they could not preserve for themselves the same right they fought to preserve for us. They will not be seeking charity but a chance to give some employer a dollar's worth of service for each dollar's worth of pay.

Without any definite information as to what industry in general is planning for the disabled war veteran, it is gratifying to know that some corporations have already shown their colors. E. G. Holman, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, recently told the GIs in Washington's Walter Reed Hospital that his company is ready to set any of them up in a filling-station business. It is ready to loan on easy terms up to \$3,000 on the veteran's character as collateral and there are no strings whatever attached to the offer. The borrower does not even have to sell Standard's gas and oils.

Holman says there is nothing charitable about the plan. "It's good business," he insists. "What better invest-

ment could Standard make? In the postwar years the oil industry must have thousands of new retail outlets for its products."

Shortly after V-E Day, Bulova Watch Company, at a cost of \$500,000, opened a school to train severely wounded veterans in expert watch and clock repairing. The school plans to graduate 500 men a year. It called on the nation's retailers to provide jobs for its graduates; before the school had even opened, 1,400 jewelers had agreed to hire Bulova-trained artists.

Ford Motor Company earmarked all the jobs in one of its rural plants for disabled servicemen. Westinghouse has hired over 6,000 with medical discharges.

While the milk of human kindness is a factor in this social planning,

none of these corporations expects to lose money by it. It is a good investment that will reap dividends for the corporations and help the war-shattered veteran hold his self-respect.

We do not yet know what attitude industry in general will take toward afflicted applicants as the boys continue to march home. There are 5,000,000 handicapped persons in the United States; out of this number it is estimated that 75 per cent are employable. While under the stress of the war effort tremendous strides were made toward fitting them into our industrial pattern, nothing like this number has yet been employed. The taxpayers can either support them or find jobs for them. In liquidating a costly war, we shall do neither them nor ourselves a favor by forcing them to accept our charity.



Compromise —

In politics, there has to be one continual compromise. Of course now and then questions arise upon which a compromise is inadmissible. There could be no compromise with secession, and there was none. There should be no avoidable compromise about any great moral question. But only a very few great reforms or great measures of any kind can be carried through without concession. No student of American history needs to be reminded that the Constitution itself is a bundle of compromises, and was adopted only because of this fact, and that the same thing is true of the Emancipation Proclamation.

— THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BEHIND THE LONDON FIASCO

BY CYRUS L. SULZBERGER

WHEN the Council of Foreign Ministers terminated its London discussions of more than three weeks without a communiqué, without any mutual understanding as to just what had been agreed upon, and without even any specific directives to the deputies as to how to operate the machinery devised for them, there was a tendency by all parties to gloss over the negative results. Above all, everybody wanted to avoid describing the Council as a failure. But the first peace conference of World War II was a failure.

There can be no excuse for attempting to ignore this fact. When the British expeditionary force in Europe was destroyed as an effectively armed fighting body on the beaches of Dunkirk in 1940 there was every reason for Mr. Churchill's brilliant and successful efforts to create the legend that this battlefield disaster was in effect a victory. A war was on and it was going the wrong way. Ignoring the fact that the bulk of Britain's field equipment had been lost in the

German onslaught, that the continent had been evacuated and that the Wehrmacht and the Luftwaffe had gained access to the narrow waters from the Bay of Biscay to Denmark, the Prime Minister mesmerized his brave and determined people into the belief that by their heroic endeavor in saving the manpower of this picked army they had won a battle. This confused the Germans no end, and it struck a spark in the English soul. In the end it proved the salvation of the British Isles and of the democratic idea.

The first peace conference after V-J Day also "saved" its personnel, but nobody expected it to do otherwise. Armies do not always live to fight again another day, but diplomats do. The objective of the London conference was to start implementing the world's will for peace, and this it failed to do. An armistice continued to prevail over stricken Europe when the Foreign Ministers wearily packed their bags, but peace was no nearer. There are reasons for

CYRUS L. SULZBERGER has been war correspondent for the New York Times in Europe, Asia and Africa. In 1941 he was awarded the Overseas Press Club prize for the best reporting on the German-Russian fighting. He is the author of *Sit-down With John L. Lewis* and a contributor of poetry to *Trial Balances*.

this. One can in no way impugn the sincerity of the gentlemen who were involved in this failure, but the fact of their failure remains. Hence it is only fair to analyze some of the factors which contributed to it.

First of all, one may remark upon the total absence, when the London Council began its work, of any openly expressed idealism comparable to that which heralded the Paris talks after World War I. There was no mention, for example, of "open covenants openly arrived at." Nowhere could one detect any such specifically phrased and wholesome aspirations as those which were contained in the famous Fourteen Points. The impudent assumption reigned that the Big Three had by their weight, wealth and wisdom won this war in Europe — and that they could likewise secure its peace.

The inclusion of China and France in the talks as distinctly junior partners was a concession to the hosts of Allied peoples who were not fortunate enough to be born in the USSR, the United States or the British Isles. The fact that the United States and Britain fought to prevent the utter exclusion of China and France, and that in the end they permitted the Council to disband in failure rather than admit this, is to the credit of Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin.

But that was hardly enough. To be sure, the peace treaties which the Council hoped to devise were to be submitted for discussion and ratification eventually to a general conference

of all the Allies, but the terms of the treaties were to be drawn up without the lesser nations, and that was a sorry kind of discrimination. One may admit, for example, that Norway or Holland did not contribute so many divisions, ships, aircraft or gallons of blood to the common cause of victory as did the Big Powers, but one may also argue that their proportional suffering earned them the right to express their views as plainly as anyone else.

It was a curious and unhappy decision of the Council to exclude Greece from all discussion of the Italian treaty. It is certain that Mr. Bevin, at least, had not forgotten those evzones who first reconquered captured Axis soil, who first turned back the untested Italian armies, and who gave Generals Wavell and Wilson the chance to make the great drive into the Western Desert. Nobody, of course, publicly mentioned the fact but it is entirely obvious that Greece was excluded from the Council meetings because Mr. Molotov did not like her government.

In the past such likes and dislikes have not ruled international discussions. The Greek ghost kept popping out of the closet day after day. The United States, Britain, France, China, and even Italy agreed that the Dodecanese Islands should be ceded to Greece. But the Soviet delegation withheld its approval. One is forced to suspect that either Russia wished to trade off her consent for some *quid pro quo* such as western recognition of

the Bulgarian and Rumanian governments, or the grant of some Mediterranean base facilities; or that Mr. Molotov was waiting to give approval the moment a government satisfactory to the Kremlin was installed in Athens. It will be remembered that Mr. Groza's accession to power in Bucharest gained Rumania the immediate *de facto* recovery of northern Transylvania — with Russia's help.

II

It was also curious to see the Foreign Ministers at London take up the question of a peace treaty with Bulgaria. None of them knew very much about the question with the possible exception of Mr. Molotov. Bulgaria declared war on the United States and Great Britain and attacked both Yugoslavia and Greece. Bulgaria fought their armies, helped to defeat them, occupied their domains and maltreated their inhabitants. The USSR remained at peace with Bulgaria right through the war, entertaining King Boris's former adviser as minister in Moscow. It was only at the very end, when foolish, dilatory tactics by the British and the Americans prolonged the Cairo surrender parleys with Sofia's envoys to interminable length, that the Soviet Union suddenly took matters into its own hands and declared a brief nominal war on Bulgaria. Actually the war was never fought, but it permitted Moscow to dictate the terms of armistice. After all this, both Greece and Yugo-

slavia were excluded from Bulgarian peace talks.

The big powers did not have the excuse that they were holding a strictly limited stockholders' meeting restricted solely to the wise, benevolent and all-powerful five. Exception was made to permit the Italians and Yugoslavs to appear to argue some points of their joint case. The dominions of Britain, led by the energetic Dr. Evatt, were not only in the offing at all times but they managed to present some of their views in person, and were kept partially advised concerning the proceedings. And the Russians, using their newly developed federative organization, obtained agreement to the submission of written views by the Ukrainian and Belorussian Soviet Republics, as well as by the Beirut government of Poland. Not even this privilege was accorded to Greece whose soldiery fell on the Acroceraunian peaks and at El Alamein against Italian opposition. And it should be noted that those very Poles whose battle up the length of the Apennines earned Warsaw a right to express opinions on Italy's future do *not* recognize the Beirut régime as the government of Poland.

Instead of making any visible and obvious effort to arrive at a public and just solution of peace problems, or at least the methods whereby they might be solved, the London Council operated as if its motto were "secret covenants, secretly arrived at." Not only were many brave Allied nations barred from the sessions but also the

world's press was excluded. The procedure of the first peace conference was modeled after the procedure of the last war conference at Potsdam, which was in some respects more open to criticism than any of its predecessors at Yalta, Teheran, Cairo, Quebec or Casablanca.

The world recognizes the need for clandestine councils and strict security when matters of wartime strategy are under discussion, but one doubts whether the world would acknowledge the same need when peace is the subject at hand. If anybody has a right to know to the last detail what is going on in the analysis of peace problems, it is the nations which participated in the war and, above all, the soldiers who contributed to the victory which made the peace possible. And yet, if the Foreign Ministers at London had had their way, the people and soldiers of the United Nations would have known merely that the delegations had met each day, who presided at the meetings, and the general nature of the topic discussed. If much more than this found its way into the newspapers, it was in spite of the delegates and not because of them. The reporters at London frequently worked eighteen hours a day in an effort to scrape together enough information to present a fair picture of what had been occurring. They were forced to employ the embarrassing tactics of buttonholing old friends in corridors, sneaking up to hotel rooms late at night and badgering harassed delegates at hurried

lunches in an effort to obtain scraps of that information which they and even many of the delegates felt the world was entitled to know in full.

Curiously enough, although the United States is renowned in the world for the sanctity with which it regards the principle of a free press, it was Mr. Byrnes himself who ordered his delegation to say nothing to anyone. This, aside from reinforcing what so many consider an immoral procedure of peace-making, could well have been a disaster to the American delegation.

There were five delegations at the London Council, and all of them had several members who were present at every session, several who were there part of the time. Some of them talked. The result was that points which, shall we say, the French or the Soviet delegations wished to be mentioned in print "leaked" out and "leaked" out consistently. National views and national biases frequently at variance with American views were passed on to American reporters who had the devil's own time trying to check with Mr. Byrnes's party to get the record straight. While the great Free Press delegation from the United States kept mum it was an odd fact that dozens of "tips" were coming from the Russians whose conceptions of journalism are different from our own. Readers might be surprised to know that a Soviet source gave out the first tale of a letter sent by Mr. Stettinius to Mr. Molotov when the former was Secretary of State and which highly

embarrassed the American delegation at London.

It was only at the end, when the Americans realized that disaster was looming and that they were getting a bad press, that Mr. Byrnes gave the order to open up a bit. He issued a formal statement and held a real press conference in which he said some important things — and said them well. The press was called upon to bail out the leaking boat, and to a degree this was accomplished. But that was not good enough. The secret methods of the conference were unjustified, and one can only hope that, realizing what a failure they were at London, they will not be applied at any second sitting.

III

There was another reason for the failure of the London peace conference and that was the very obvious lack of preparation which preceded it. The American delegation quite frankly did not know its own mind when it embarked for England. For example, regarding Italy, there were two well-defined schools of thought concerning the directives which should be submitted as a basis for a draft treaty. One group, which was more or less headed by James Dunn, wished to give Italy the administration of its former colonies under a United Nations trusteeship. This group was still in the ascendancy when Mr. Byrnes reached Southampton. It was only when the Council actually started to meet that

the other school won out and the directive which favored temporary international trusteeship and eventual independence was mimeographed and issued.

Why, one may ask, was this so? Alexander Kirk, the extremely able American ambassador in Rome, had sent the text of Britain's lengthy and complex proposals for an Italian peace to Washington weeks before the Council met. Another State Department expert had cabled a condensation of these same proposals from London. And yet there is good reason to believe that members of Mr. Byrnes's party were surprised at some of the context of the British plan.

As in the case of Italy, there was great confusion and hesitancy on the part of the American delegation concerning Danubian treaty drafts, especially those with Rumania and Bulgaria. The Department's planning in this respect was so dilatory that the actual directives in these cases were not prepared until the conferences had been under way for many days. Furthermore, when Mr. Byrnes called in his envoys from eastern Europe including Arthur Bliss Lane, Burton Berry, Richard Patterson and Maynard Barnes, a first-class series of arguments broke out in the back rooms of No. 5 Grosvenor Square, which was the delegation's office building. The argument continued in the suites of Claridge's Hotel where the most important members stayed. It was only upon the fairly resolute insistence of Ben Cohen, Mr. Byrnes's counsel,

that the American drafts for Rumania and Bulgaria finally included the famous preambles declaring that discussion of peace with those countries was purely theoretical as long as they were ruled by governments which did not satisfy the American interpretation of the Yalta demands for democracy.

The State Department has come in for a lot of abuse during the last few years. Some of the criticism has been deserved and some of it undeserved. Many of the Department's smartest accomplishments are not yet publicly known. However, because of the swift changes from Mr. Hull to Mr. Stettinius to Mr. Byrnes a certain amount of confusion has crept into the functions of this all-important governmental body which some department members themselves privately describe as "chaos." One may only hope that this will not be the case again; that a better preliminary briefing by and of all key members of the next delegation will occur.

Another weakness of the American delegation here was structural. Secretary Byrnes was closest to the following members of his party: Mr. Dulles, Mr. Cohen, Mr. Walter Brown, Colonel Kelly and Mr. Dunn. Mr. Charles Bohlen, whose remarkable interpreting has featured every conference since 1943, was not really among these back-room intimates.

Mr. Dunn is the only experienced diplomat in the above group with an immediate specific knowledge of European affairs and a background of

Washington dealing with such matters. Mr. Dulles, an able, judicious and learned man, had particular importance to the Secretary for obvious political reasons. Mr. Cohen, whose drafting abilities, genius for condensation, and behind-the-scenes political experience were well-known to Mr. Byrnes, was of great personal value to him. Mr. Byrnes saw much of Mr. Dunn at London, but one of Mr. Dunn's charms is that he does not insist upon his own views in an argument whenever it becomes tiresome to do so. Mr. Brown is a nice newspaper reporter who knows nothing about the complexities of the foreign world and the correspondents who inhabit it. Colonel Kelly had no function other than that of friend and guardian to Mr. Byrnes, and he amiably fulfilled these functions.

Unfortunately, none of these men, with the exception of Mr. Dunn, is very familiar with the specific intimate details and problems of the current European scene. Some of the real State Department experts complained privately that not only did they not see enough of the Secretary but often had to filter their views through some of the above-named personalities who, they felt, were not always able to present them well.

IV

Overshadowing all these technical and procedural problems remains the basic problem of relations with the Soviet Union. No matter how much

improvement is made in the method and preparation of conferences, that knot remains to be correctly cut. One has the feeling that American policy in this connection is not completely crystallized. There is a general devotion to the idea of friendship and harmony with Russia, but not a complete policy. The whispered argument about the atomic bomb — mention of which was weirdly absent at these peace talks — indicates this. So does the absence of any public decision concerning the Soviet's application for enormous American credits. It is known there were persons in London who were of the decided opinion that Washington must not be precipitately generous on these points, and these precautionary influences are apparently being heeded. Disagreement with Russia on eastern Europe and the sharply differing interpretations of the word *democracy* remain the big problems for even the ablest

and best prepared American delegation.

What will follow the lamentable London Council's first session is problematical. Obviously, the failure must be overcome. There must be peace; everybody wants that and is committed to it. But that does not mean that we must rush into a bad peace and not take our time to work out a good one. As Dr. Evatt of Australia insistently pointed out at London, the methods of arriving at this peace are morally almost as important as the peace itself.

No honest government, big or small, can willingly accept the formula of great powers drafting the treaties and presenting them to the Allied world for signature on the dotted line. Coercion will of necessity defeat its own purpose. The only peace which can endure will be a peace created voluntarily by the nations which fought and won the war.



Fiction —

Fiction, unlike history, has the softening of fancy and sentiment; and we read on in the hope of something like poetical justice to be done at last, which is more than we can reckon with in reality.

— WILLIAM HAZLITT

Every writer of fiction, although he may not adopt the dramatic form, writes in effect for the whole stage.

— CHARLES DICKENS

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Saving Plays From Failure

SOME months ago I alluded briefly to a play called *Castle Sombrias*, by one Greenhough Smith, an Englishman, which, written as a grimly serious romantic drama, was transformed from certain failure into success by the late Richard Mansfield who, as its producer and leading actor, suddenly decided to play it as a travesty. So well did Mansfield's chicanery work that a play doomed to be received with catcalls was hailed by the newspaper critics as one of the cleverest burlesques of its species ever written, worthy of the sardonic wit of a Bernard Shaw.

Many years later George M. Cohan performed a similar service for an item called *The Tavern*, the handiwork of a lady of strictly amateur standing whose name has long since evaporated into limbo. What the lady had confected was a solemn melodrama destined in view of its parade of clichés for immediate deposit in the nearest storehouse. Like Mansfield, Cohan as its producer be thought him to present it as a parody of itself and the consequent hilarity of audiences, so humiliating to its playwright-mother, turned it into a resounding popular success.

Still later, Edwin Justus Mayer

wrote, in *The Firebrand*, what he venerated as a moonlit slice of romance. Lawrence Schwab and others connected with its management and production preferred to regard it as nothing of the kind, caused it, to the author's anguish, to be played for comedy, and turned a doubtful property into a success that achieved a New York run of 261 performances.

The inside history of our theatre is full of other such instances of plays of one kind or another which, had they been presented as originally written, would doubtless have met with disaster but which producers, directors and even actors have in one way or another tricked or maneuvered into box-office properties. It thus on occasion has been that a playwright has received praise from deceived critics which he has scarcely merited and which, had the facts been appreciated, should rightly have been the portion of other hands.

For endless years *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was one of the greatest bonanzas that the American theatre has known. It was played all over the country season after season by any number of troupes and, all things considered, its biggest box-office magnet, as everybody recalls, was the spectacle of

Eliza crossing the ice and pursued by a variable number of bloodhounds, or reasonable facsimiles thereof. When the play was first produced in the Charles Taylor dramatization in the August of 1852, Eliza crossed the ice right enough, but there wasn't a bloodhound, or even so much as a French poodle, in sight. What dogs there were were confined to the howling larynx of one Joe Mitchell, a stagehand. Since Mr. Mitchell was a son of Erin and reportedly given to spirituous liquors, the howls sometimes took on the timbre and nuances less of the beasts supposedly associated with them than of Joe himself being thrown out of a drink parlor by the bouncer, to his righteous indignation. The scene accordingly may be said to have lacked an inner brio, which the audience was not long in realizing. Furthermore, not only did the playwright omit the bloodhounds, but in his play there was no trace of either Topsy or Little Eva.

When, one month and three days later, September of the same year, the George Aiken dramatization, which is the best known of all the many stage versions of the book, came along, both Little Eva and Topsy were profitably present, but still there were no bloodhounds and still the audience, for all the ominous noises made by the stagehands, felt cheated. Though the show was nevertheless a success it was only when the playwright's cousin, a theatre manager named George C. Howard, was instrumental in persuading him to in-

sert two real bloodhounds into it that it was set upon the long golden road. The animals were subsequently amplified to three, four, five, and eventually six, and it was the advertisements of *6-Bloodhounds-6* that in your youth and mine induced us to filch those quarters out of Papa's trousers' pockets while he was taking a bath.

II

William Vaughn Moody, a member of the faculty at Harvard and subsequently at the University of Chicago, startled the critics in 1906 with a play named *The Great Divide*, which was acclaimed by many of them as the Great American Drama. What awed them chiefly was that a novice had been able to execute so remarkably adroit a piece of dramaturgy. What they did not know was that the play during its rehearsal by Henry Miller was found to be wholly lopsided and that only when Miller figured out that it should be played hind-end foremost, that is, its third act where its first was, and vice versa, did it manage the effect which Moody had hoped for. That is the way it was finally played and that is the way the admiring critics saw it.

Arthur Hopkins, the producer of the worthy Anderson-Stallings *What Price Glory?*, unquestionably helped that play to success by eliminating what would have been a vitiating anticlimax to its middle act. As written, the death of the soldier was followed

by some fifteen or so minutes of dialogue which the authors highly esteemed. Though there was something to be said for their esteem of it, it nevertheless prolonged the scene out of all sound proportion and it was only when Hopkins exercised his persuasions upon them that it was deleted, that the curtain was brought down at the psychologically right audience moment, and that the play mounted in bounce and drive.

In the same way, it was outside influence that impressed upon the generally astute Sean O'Casey the fact that the diminuendo singing of the Salvation Army would drop completely the effect of an important act curtain in his *Within The Gates* and that a crescendo burst of song must take its place.

Though entirely devoid of any artistic integrity, David Belasco knew the box-office as few producers before or after him have known it and was responsible for the commercial prosperity of any number of plays that without his ministrations would have stood little chance. The character of Laura Murdock, as Eugene Walter wrote it in *The Easiest Way*, was a kept woman with small sympathetic appeal for a popular audience, and if presented as the author conceived it would undoubtedly have had a hard time holding an audience's interest. By visiting upon the character all kinds of such hocus-pocus as placing dolls on her dressing-table to suggest her innate childlike innocence, cutting out a number of her retorts to her

broker protector and substituting for them a wide-eyed silence to indicate her beaten weakness, etc., Belasco converted her into the materials for matinée slobbers — and the play harvested the sentimental public's dollars.

Dialogue surgery has never been negotiated on so wholesale a scale, and to a play's profit, as in the case of J. Hartley Manners' *The Patriot*, written as a vehicle for Willie Collier. I happened to see the rehearsals and tryout of the comedy in Atlantic City — that was many years ago — and when Collier as producer, director and leading actor got through with the script, at least thirty pages of dialogue had been thrown out and his silent pantomime and stage business substituted for them to beautiful comic effect.

Rose Franken's *Another Language* was originally conceived as dealing with a Jewish household. If I am not mistaken, it was Arthur Beckhard, her producer, who prevailed upon her to broaden the box-office appeal of the play by eliminating the Jewish slant which, duly done, converted it into the hit it was.

The vicissitudes of Bayard Veiller's *Within The Law* before it was whipped into the shape that resulted in a run of 541 performances on Broadway, and with as many as eight companies playing it simultaneously on the road, are fairly well known, but there was one element connected with its ultimate success that is not. Though many changes were made in the play by Edgar Selwyn and A. H. Woods,

along with Lee Shubert its final producers, and though they improved it enormously, there persisted from its earlier failure in Chicago a grim hang-over in the shape of the silencer on the revolver with which the climactic shooting was done. It was dramatically essential that the shooting be accomplished silently but, since the invention of the silencer was relatively new, audiences long used to a revolver's loud explosion simply would not believe that the business was possible. It was all-important, plainly, that they should; otherwise, one of the play's biggest moments would go for naught. Veiller himself had no solution to offer and things looked hopeless until Selwyn and Woods put their heads together and "planted" the workability of the silencer in the audience's mind by causing the revolver earlier in the action to be tested against an ornament on the mantelpiece, which with the aid of an electrically controlled hammer secreted inside it duly broke into smithereens when the silent gun was fired.

III

The comic embroideries which the Messrs. Lindsay and Crouse, the play's producers, visited upon Joseph Kesselring's *Arsenic And Old Lace* and which contributed so much to its affluence bulk large in the esoterica of Broadway. John Barrymore's ribald ad-libbing and humorous self-criticism made a box-office success of Catherine

Turney's and Jerry Horwin's *My Dear Children*, which minus them would by general consent have put an audience to sleep. With them as a nightly lure, the exhibit ran for thirty-three weeks in Chicago and managed 117 performances in New York. In more remote days, it was an actress in the company who, when Louis N. Parker's *Disraeli* went flat at the end of its most important act and when Parker confessed himself at a loss for a way to fix matters, devised the proper, ringing curtain line and saved the play.

Last season provided two of the most illuminating examples of the manner in which canny producers and directors have overcome reluctant playwrights in setting their plays on the road to fortune. Mary Chase, the author of *Harvey*, wrote a visible large rabbit into her script and fought against Brock Pemberton's plea that it be invisible in the interest of the audience's imagination. To please her, the producer let her have her way at the Boston tryout, where it became slowly apparent to her that the rabbit *in propria persona* damaged her play no end. Had she persisted in her determination to show the rabbit, it is dollars to doughnuts that *Harvey* would have been an abrupt failure instead of the sensational success it is.

The other instance is Tennessee Williams' robust success, *The Glass Menagerie*.

In an interview in *PM* following the auspicious New York opening of his play, Mr. Williams delivered himself

thus: "Not one line was changed after the final draft came back from the typist. A scene was inserted, the drunk scene. That was Mr. Dowling's idea, but entirely of my authorship. And one line by Mr. Dowling was added, the last line where he says to the audience, 'Here's where memory stops and your imagination begins.'"

In addition to his mistake as to the aforesaid line which concludes his play and which reads, "There my memory ends — and your imagination begins," Mr. Williams falls curiously into other errors. His narrator character was tricked out of an audience's possible surfeit with such characters by a passage shrewdly incorporated into it by Dowling. The drunk scene to which he refers and which Dowling wisely perceived as necessary to the play was rewritten by Williams no less than four times under Dowling's guidance, and was subsequently amplified in at least one particular — the reference to the stage as opposed to the moving pictures — by Dowling himself. And any number of the mother's lines, while their essence remained intact, were liberally rephrased by Laurette Taylor to their very much better effect.

But there were more important additions and deletions in the original script. As written and as may be appreciated from a glance at the published version (*Random House*) which Williams himself has edited, the play contained a screen on which

a magic lantern projected pictures and cinema titles throughout its action. At thirty-nine different periods, the play was interrupted by flashing on the screen colored pictures of roses, sailing boats, snowy landscapes, moons, etc., along with such idiotic old silent-film titles as "Laura, Haven't You Ever Liked Some Boy?", "A Pretty Trap!", "Not *Jim!*", "Terror!", "Ah!", "I Don't Suppose You Remember Me At All!", "What Have You Done Since High School?", "The Sky Falls!", and "And So Goodbye . . ."

All this, which beyond the shadow of a doubt would have made the play ridiculous, was promptly cut out by Dowling. (It is, apparently and incidentally, Williams' belief that he had devised something very original in such business. The idea was used many years ago by Piscator in the Berlin theatre.) Dowling further invented the scene on the fire-escape in which the crippled Laura listens toward hope to the music from the dance hall across the way. It is not only one of the most touching episodes in the play, but it is practically demanded, since without it Laurette Taylor's Amanda would have insufficient time to make the costume change specified by the playwright.

There is no intention to detract from Mr. Williams' share in the success of the evening. But these and other contributions by hands other than his own went a long, a very long, way toward guaranteeing it.



THE MALE CHANGE OF LIFE

BY THOMAS HODGE MCGAVACK, M.D.

A MILD-MANNERED civil service employee, forty-four years old, gradually became so introspective and blue that he lost all interest in his work. A forty-year-old man had attacks of faintness and chest pain so much like heart trouble that he was unsuccessfully treated for a cardiac condition for two years. A man in his early fifties grew so irascible that he nearly wrecked a business by frightening customers and employees alike. Mr. P., aged fifty-two, had already left seventeen jobs in eight years over the protests of his employers, and was getting ready to leave the eighteenth because he refused to put up with the younger men in his office.

These men were not crazy. Nothing was organically wrong with them. But something was functionally wrong. They were suffering from the male change of life — a condition that has only recently been recognized. In men, as well as in women, sex glands, “slow down” in middle or later life and other glands are called upon to restore the body balance. This change is so well marked in women (by the ending of menstruation and fre-

quently by uncomfortable symptoms, such as hot flashes, depression, aches, pains and feelings of exhaustion) that most people think the phrase “change of life” applies only to women. The parallel condition in men used to be ignored because 90 per cent or more go through “the change” without noticing anything amiss. Only 10 per cent or less — doctors can only guess how many — suffer upsets, most of them easily mistaken (like the cases cited) for some other trouble.

After a chain of events starting in 1848 with the discovery that, besides carrying out a purely reproductive function, the testes are glands secreting an essential body chemical, the male change of life has gradually become a recognized fact. In 1926 (in Chicago) the chemical was isolated from the testes of bulls. In 1935 (in Amsterdam) it was extracted in pure, crystalline form. It took about 100 pounds of testes to make one-sixth of a grain, less than an average daily dose. That same year, after technical experts had failed to extract the substance economically from animal urine and testes, it was synthesized in quan-

THOMAS HODGE MCGAVACK is associate professor of medicine at New York Medical College and chief of the Endocrine Metabolic Service at Metropolitan Hospital. He is a fellow of the American College of Physicians and a member of the New York Academy of Medicine.

tity (in Switzerland). Two years later, doctors could buy all they needed by asking for *testosterone*. In using the new drug they gradually became aware that the phrase "change of life" may be as appropriately applied to men as to women.

What does testosterone actually do? Even the ancients knew something about it because they could see what happened when testes were removed — as in eunuchs. The castration of steers and the caponizing of chickens are age-old practices to produce large animals and more tasty meat. Feminization of human males after removal of the testis was accurately described thousands of years ago. But experiments on the gland's positive effects (*i.e.*, providing testicular hormone for individuals short of it) had to wait until the synthesis of testosterone was completed in 1935.

At first doctors thought that one of the new hormone's big contributions might be to sex activity. This has not ordinarily turned out to be the case *because the aging process produces changes in the sex glands and accessory structures which the hormone cannot reverse*. Its big contribution has been to the strength, endurance and sense of well-being provided to men who do not get enough of the hormone naturally.

This is the way that endocrinologists have the gland mechanisms of middle life worked out: Like most other organs of internal secretion (ductless glands whose products are poured directly into the blood stream)

the testis is regulated at least in part by the pituitary gland in the brain. In turn, the pituitary is influenced by the thyroid, testis, adrenals, etc., that it controls. Spurred by the action of the pituitary, the testis pours out testosterone.

Testosterone's prime function is to promote the formation of sperm cells. Its second function is to augment the activity of secondary sex structures, such as the prostate gland, and, with the help of adrenal secretion, to promote and maintain masculine attributes — broad shoulders, narrow hips, deep voice, beard, muscular strength and masculine personality in general. (This second function is the chief one involved in the change of life.) Its third function is to exert considerable influence upon the body's use of food and energy, particularly in the muscles. Last, it serves to cut the pituitary's output of testis-stimulating hormone, thus maintaining a balance between the glands.

When the climacteric comes, this balance changes: the testis decreases its output and the pituitary, sensing this in a chemical way, produces more testis-stimulating hormone than before but to little or no avail. At the same time, the pituitary gives the adrenals extra stimulation; in most men, the adrenals come to the rescue, producing enough of their hormone to make up for the failing testes and to carry on testosterone's second function without a hitch. Unfortunately, the adrenals, with other very important jobs to perform in the utilization

of food, water and minerals, at times will fail to rise to the occasion. It is then that a man may become very uncomfortable.

II

Symptoms, if any, usually appear between fifty and sixty; sometimes they wait until the sixties; in other cases they appear in the thirties. When Mr. C. was first seen, he was forty-four and had had pains through the right arm and chest for twenty-five years. For some time he had been intermittently treated for heart trouble. Treatment for the male climacteric completely relieved him, thus proving that the glandular imbalance causing climacteric symptoms may occur at any age.

As to who is most susceptible, I know of no reliable statistics. Whether a man is married or unmarried seems to have no bearing on the problem. It is my impression that nervous men in sedentary jobs suffer more than phlegmatic day laborers and that over-indulgence in alcohol or tobacco may aggravate the condition.

Some of the mental symptoms manifested during the climacteric are enough to make most people seek the advice of a psychoanalyst: "I feel an inward tension. . . . I am irritable. . . . I'm jumpy. . . . I'm upset by the slightest noise, by the children's play, by petty matters at the office, by little things I never noticed before. . . . I am depressed. . . . I am despondent although everything in busi-

ness and at home is going all right. . . . I've lost interest in everything, even in my family. . . . I feel so useless. . . . I do not care to meet people or be with them. . . . I'm so apprehensive. . . . I'm fearful. . . . I cry easily. . . . I don't sleep well though I can't think of any reason for worry or wakefulness. . . . I can't concentrate." A man may have a sense of overwhelming futility. Severe cases are complicated by feelings of frustration, introversion and, occasionally, thoughts of suicide.

Circulatory disorders show up in nearly every case, even when there is nothing organically wrong with the heart or blood vessels. Doctors suspect the disturbances are due to changes in tone (*i.e.*, elasticity, and therefore calibre) of the blood vessels. Many of these people go to the doctor complaining of shortness of breath (usually worse at night), long deep sighs, palpitations, fleeting pains through the chest — all symptoms representing an instability in the control of cardiac functions, but not necessarily indicating true heart disease. Men, like women, may have hot flashes, chilliness, easy perspiration, dizziness, spots before the eyes, headaches at the back of the head, numbness, tingling, itching, etc. These all point to variations in the action of the blood vessels.

Constitutional symptoms may take the limelight. A man will complain only of tiredness. He is more tired than his exertion warrants; he is tired even after a good night's sleep or after

a good vacation. Along with his chronic exhaustion, the patient may have vague, fleeting pains and cramps in his muscles or joints which rarely come twice in succession in the same place. He may lose his appetite and become thin. His bowels may "get out of kilter."

A good many climacteric patients come to the doctor with the idea they have enlarged prostate glands. The muscular weakness of the climacteric makes the bladder behave badly. There is a dull, dragging ache in the lower abdomen at times, or perhaps a "never-get-done" sensation when voiding urine. Often there is urinary frequency or a slow-starting stream lacking force.

Laymen may be surprised to know that the least frequent complaint for which climacteric patients seek medical advice is disturbance of sexual power. Changes in sex activities and desire do not necessarily accompany the climacteric. Years may elapse between change of life and the sexual "slowdown and stop" that most people associate with it. When it occurs, *this is one climacteric symptom which testosterone does not usually relieve.*

III

As can be seen, the symptoms can make diagnosis difficult. The doctor knows that overwork and overworry may lead to a depression of the whole organism that mimics the climacteric in every particular; he knows that psychoneuroses and even insanity may

sometimes be mistaken for the climacteric; he knows that some "slow-going" systemic infection such as tuberculosis or undulant fever may produce identical physical symptoms, and that a bad tooth or sinus trouble or an inflamed gall bladder can do the same thing.

Physical and laboratory tests will often rule out infection. And the doctor may try a test developed in 1941 which shows how far disturbed a man's glands are. But, even so, he still cannot examine a man and say positively: "Yes, the trouble with you is change of life." The only sure proof is to give testosterone and see what happens. If, after two weeks' treatment, the patient feels better, change of life is probably his trouble. If he is no better, something else is undoubtedly the matter; he needs a psychiatrist, a urologist, or whatever specialist seems indicated. (There are also some patients who are helped by testosterone, but only temporarily; they are not in the climacteric and the doctor must continue his search for what is wrong.)

Testosterone is a powerful drug which should not be used indiscriminately; it is highly dangerous in some heart and circulatory diseases. There are several methods of administration. It may be injected into a muscle as testosterone propionate in oil — from once every two weeks to several times weekly. This is perhaps the most commonly used method. Sometimes the hormone is taken by mouth as methyl-testosterone, a mod-

ification especially made to resist the action of digestive juices. Though methyl-testosterone sidesteps the sting and bother of injections, it must be taken in huge doses and does not have quite the same effect as the pure hormone. Another fairly common method of giving testosterone is to have the patient absorb the drug through the veins beneath his tongue, where the veins are quite close to the surface. For this purpose, the drug comes in either tablet or liquid form. Some doctors don't like this method because saliva weakens the dose, and administration is too time-consuming.

Of all ways of giving the hormone, implantation under a man's skin seems to be the simplest. With a specially-designed needle, pressed pellets of the pure hormone are "laid" in the loose tissue under the skin. In this way, the smallest doses are effective. Absorption is gradual and steady and the action of the pellet may continue for from two to ten months.

In the last analysis, the physician must decide which method is best adapted to the particular needs of each patient.

Mention should be made of the patients who receive no treatment at all. It is probably true that the great majority eventually compensate for their glandular imbalance and, sooner or later, after a varying amount of discomfort, become symptom-free. Others, a much smaller number, undoubtedly develop psychoneuroses and psychoses which may influence the entire course of their lives. But there is no

need to wait for months or years for the uneasy symptoms to clear up — no need to have chronic ill health from such glandular imbalance. In an uncomplicated case, the drug's effect is very satisfactory to the doctor as well as to the patient. Often very quickly the patient is stronger, more cheerful and energetic; he looks like his old self instead of like an old man and once more finds life worth living.

There was Mr. B., only forty-eight years old and one of the country's leading executives. Suddenly he could not concentrate. He postponed major decisions and even found answering his morning's mail a formidable job. He took a three months' vacation to avoid a nervous breakdown. It did no good. A careful medical survey seemed to point to change of life. Testosterone, then very new, was skeptically tried. Mr. B. became decisive so soon that there was no doubt as to the diagnosis. Mr. R., with vague muscular pains and "bladder weakness," was under treatment five years. Not a dramatic case, but he was helped. On the other hand, Mr. A., aged sixty, with six years of dizziness and palpitations behind him, was relieved after four injections and is still well at sixty-five.

You do not believe that life begins at forty — and neither do I. But some of the best years come after forty if physical ills do not interfere. The marvelous new synthetic testosterone and the recognition of the male change of life are big steps toward safeguarding those years.

LABOR IS BIG BUSINESS

By VICTOR RIESEL

IN THE heart of Detroit, on West Milwaukee Avenue, the General Motors skyscraper towers over a simple, three-story brick building standing defiantly on the opposite corner. The smaller structure houses the brain and nerve center of the world's largest union, the United Automobile Workers of America (CIO).

There is deep symbolism in these structures. On this quiet corner in Detroit, as on every corner in every large industrial town in the nation, labor and capital are squaring off for the most significant industrial battle in history — a basic conflict between the men who work for a living and the men who employ them. The battle will cost the losing side billions of dollars a year in wages or profits and may well reshape our political destiny.

In that little UAW building, and in the headquarters of 60,000 local unions throughout the United States, labor is poised to throw its new strength, won during the war, into the campaign for political power and ten billion dollars in annual wage increases as well.

Although big business towers over labor in financing such a battle, the modern labor leader has at his disposal multi-million-dollar treasuries and propaganda machinery as streamlined as any ever devised by high pressure agencies for the big corporations.

Too many Americans have a blue-denim picture of labor. They envision its weapons only as strikes and violence. The truth is that today labor is big business, frequently led by conservative \$500-a-week executives, 85 per cent of whom were born in America. They are expert modern propagandists prepared to use standard radio broadcasts, frequency modulation stations, motion pictures, comic books, tabloid newspapers, beauty contests, labor book-of-the-month clubs and airplane advertising to put their campaigns across. They own daily papers and slick magazines.

In other words — take the union sign off the door on Detroit's West Milwaukee Avenue and, except for the size of the building, the casual visitor would not know whether he is in a

VICTOR RIESEL, formerly American correspondent for British, New Zealand and Australian newspapers, is now labor editor of the New York Post. His coverage has included the United Nations Conference, the Sedition Trials, the Labor-Management Conference and many of the major strikes. Recently he has appeared on the radio as a news commentator and analyst. His forthcoming book on the country's leading labor "bosses" will be published soon.

labor headquarters or a sales division of General Motors.

Where does the money for this come from? The money is there — in war-swollen union treasuries which today have more than one billion dollars in aggregate assets. Added to all this is the monthly income of \$26,950,000 from some 13,000,000 dues-paying members.

Many of the big unions are individual corporations unto themselves. They own summer resorts, old age homes, skyscrapers, mines, recreation centers, hospitals, banks, newspapers, radio stations, laundries, insurance firms. So much like big business are these unions that they in turn negotiate with other unions — just like a big-time employer. A few years ago the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers found itself in a violent wage controversy with John L. Lewis who had unionized the coal-diggers in mines owned by the Brotherhood. These pits had been purchased as an investment for the union's extra cash. Today this union has assets of \$30,000,000 but by no means is the nation's wealthiest labor organization. The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen has piled up some \$41,000,000. So wealthy is the relatively unknown Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees (AFL) that it can afford to pay its president \$500 a week. These fortunes are typical of the railway brotherhoods — no mean source of power in the drive of these unions for a 30 per cent wage increase

for their current 1,500,000 followers.

The treasury of Daniel Tobin's Teamsters brotherhood, which virtually is part of the regular Democratic Party's political apparatus, totals \$15,000,000 and even the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers, have \$8,240,000. David Dubinsky's liberal International Ladies Garment Workers owns a Pennsylvania summer resort, the former Ford building in New York, the former Tammany Hall headquarters and a twenty-six-story health center. This union has holdings of \$8,750,000 and spends some \$6,800,000 a year, a small part of which goes to further the activities of the Liberal Party in New York. Sidney Hillman's Amalgamated Clothing Workers (CIO) is worth some \$4,340,000 and owns a bank. Hillman's arch enemy, John L. Lewis, controls the United Mine Workers' treasury of some \$12,000,000 and a monthly-dues income of \$900,000.

Small wonder, then, that the Teamsters, for example, can afford to pay Dan Tobin \$30,000, "with business and pleasure traveling expenses for self and wife," or that the American Federation of Musicians can pay "Little" Caesar Petrillo \$48,000 a year, and that the miners can give Lewis \$25,000 and expenses.

II

These high-priced labor leaders are Horatio Alger heroes. Petrillo is an ex-Chicago newsboy; John Lewis dug coal and once tried to run a Midwest

"opera" house; Tobin drove a truck for \$8 a week. To get to the \$500-a-week class they had to be shrewd men, moving along with the technical developments of the times — otherwise their unions and their labor careers would have died. They had, for example, to be publicity wizards to get their stories across to the public. It is significant that Petrillo, Tobin and Lewis, perhaps the most powerful union bosses in the world, are their own publicity men. Their assistants — the men who carry the publicity titles — are merely editors of their respective publications. So we find Petrillo in 1943, when he was under heavy critical fire in the press, taking \$500,000 out of the American Federation of Musicians' (AFL) treasury to pay for 570 free concerts by the nation's leading symphony orchestras. His local unions arranged the performances in New York, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Washington, Detroit, Minneapolis, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles, among other cities. These towns, by some coincidence, were the centers of the heaviest press criticism of the musicians' boss.

While Petrillo has been trying to win the public's good will by catching its ear, CIO leaders — the world's shrewdest labor publicists — have been trying to catch its eye — with motion pictures and animated cartoons.

Typical of the CIO's eagerness to educate the public on unionism and all social phenomena vital to labor is the recent filming in Hollywood of a color cartoon on tolerance and racial

discrimination — to be paid for and distributed by the United Automobile Workers, a veteran in motion-picture propaganda. Last year, the UAW produced in support of the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt a movie cartoon called "Hell-Bent For Election" which was shown to 4,000,000 war workers. And today it is producing a series of other short films, some of which deal with the handling of grievances and the reemployment of demobilized GIs.

This union has sent out as much as 100,000 feet of film weekly. Its programs, made up of its own pictures and OWI films, have been seen by some 400,000 persons in one month. The films are also sent to religious, professional and educational clubs. They make friends for the CIO among the nation's liberals — during a period when progressive allies are direly needed by labor in search of higher pay. The CIO itself, which has some seventy-two "union hall films" all with incidental music, has this to say of its movie program:

One picture can tell more than 1,000 words, and people like to go to the movies. Films offer relaxation and entertainment and create a receptive audience for ideas. The medium of film lends itself exceptionally well to stimulating emotional responses through which beliefs and attitudes are formed and changed.

This attitude is quite a long way from the gaslight era when trade union debates and organization campaigns were settled with brass knuckles and lead pipes. As a matter of fact, except for isolated instances, all of labor's

techniques are out of the brass-knuckle stage — even picketing. Recently in Hollywood, the AFL unions striking against the film colony's major producers did the seemingly impossible by devising new up-to-the-minute techniques. One balmy Sunday afternoon, the union members arrived in big cars in front of the Los Angeles theatres which they had been picketing. They then offered free rides to the beach to all prospective moviegoers — and did a land-office business running a shuttle to the ocean for those who had planned to spend the afternoon at the movies. A few days later, they picketed the theatre featuring Deanna Durbin in the mystery film, *Lady On The Train*. Theatregoers were greeted by enthusiastic pickets who shouted, "Don't go in. We'll tell you how it ends. Ralph Bellamy is the murderer. David Bruce gets the girl." Hundreds turned away. This is modern picketing — and modern is the word for the Los Angeles unions.

When radio technicians reported that frequency modulation broadcasting stations could be built for as little as \$50,000 — and that FM broadcasting would surely rank with standard broadcasting after the war — these unions promptly organized the Hollywood Community Radio Group and applied for an FM license.

The possibilities of FM broadcasting and the opportunity it affords for competition with the big radio chains have caught the imagination of the entire labor movement. At least nine-

teen FM radio-station applications have been filed with the Federal Communications Commission in the past few months. CIO leaders, for example, see FM as the answer to efforts to restrict labor broadcasts over the big networks. This 5,000,000-member organization, now battling for survival in the postwar cutback period has directed its local union chiefs to study their community problems in preparation for FM applications. As a result, the United Automobile Workers has filed for permission to build six "non-commercial, educational" FM stations in Newark, Chicago, Detroit, Flint, Cleveland and Los Angeles where it has large memberships.

The CIO's political director, Sidney Hillman, has ordered his own union, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, to seek FM licenses in New York, Chicago, Rochester and Philadelphia, the men's clothing production centers. Hillman's aide, former Governor Elmer A. Benson, Chairman of the National Citizens Political Action Committee, has applied individually for an FM permit in Minneapolis. Over in the AFL, David Dubinsky's union, the International Ladies Garment Workers, has filed for FM stations in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chattanooga.

The militant left-wing National Maritime Union (CIO) has set up a broadcasting company and is seeking an FM permit in New York to send out information for seamen, educational programs for children and for-

eign-language broadcasts. The use to which an FM station can be put in union political or organizational activity is best reflected in an incident which occurred during the October waterfront walkout in New York. The rebel strikers, backed by the National Maritime Union, at one point futilely demanded that the city's radio commissioner turn WNYC, New York's own station, over to them for a fifteen-minute broadcast to the 35,000 long-shoremen. The commissioner refused. Had the NMU owned an FM station, it could have reached the men with constant propaganda.

III

However, these labor publicity wizards are not so modern that they ignore the old propaganda standbys — the union newspaper, the leaflets, the comics with a message and adventure strips with labor heroes to match a combination of Dick Tracy and Terry of pirate fame. So important has the labor press become that late in October the General Mills Corporation ordered a sample survey of 108 union publications in five major cities from New York to Los Angeles to learn whether this forgotten section of the American press would make a good advertising medium. There are an estimated 800 regularly published labor papers in the United States with a combined readership of some 15,000,000 families. Of these papers, 200 have national circulations. The railroad workers' four-page, old-fashioned

standard-size weekly, for example, reaches 750,000 men. This readership is disciplined and bound to the publications because these papers tell the bread-and-butter stories of their union's struggles. If the labor press ever united in a campaign for or against some economic program or political personality, it would rival any similar combination of commercial daily papers because of the disciplined union membership.

These papers no longer are the stodgy, boiler-plate publications which old-line labor leaders once used either as advertising rackets or personal prestige builders. The publications are streamlined and energetic; they are generally edited by newspaper guildsmen who have had considerable daily-press experience. Recently one group of newspaper men surveying the New York labor press was fascinated to learn that the CIO grocery clerks' union had a slick-paper magazine which featured analysis of European events by such writers as Max Nomad and Genevieve Tabouis. The colorful *CIO News*, a tabloid, probably will be placed on the news stands shortly for general sale in an effort to expand its current 400,000 circulation. CIO publicists are trying to syndicate a labor adventure cartoon especially drawn for it by a prominent artist.

This strip relates the "Adventures of Jim Barry, Trouble Shooter," the story of a tall, dark and socially-conscious labor editor who goes about solving murders in a labor-management committee or crusading against

factory grievances. In the old days, union leaflets would begin with: "Brothers: The so-and-so company is stealing our daily bread." Today the CIO has taken its comic-strip technique, daubed it in color, set it up as a comic booklet hardly distinguishable from Superman's adventures — and the union message is put across. Recently, the CIO decided to do some propagandizing on the disposal of surplus war plants and the guaranteed annual wage. It set its artists to work.

Soon CIOers and the general public everywhere were reading an expensive color booklet which opened with a white and a Negro worker talking across their machines. The white lad says: "My sergeant brother-in-law writes he hopes we'll figure a way to lick depressions and poverty while he licks the Nazis and Japs." And the Negro replies: "We better or else after the war you and me'll be fighting; the women in my wife's shop'll be fighting the men; and the ol' folks'll be out of luck altogether." The comic book then goes on to discuss the use of factories for the people and the benefits of the annual wage. The CIO staff now is working on a "comic" book which will link the CIO's philosophy to the Bible.

And to top the distribution of papers, comics, books and pamphlets, the CIO sends its serious "heavy" propaganda to a special list — probably one of the few of its kind — made up of 60,000 "influencers of public opinion." CIO President Philip Murray, head of the United Steel Workers,

reports that this list includes:

teachers and educators, Protestant ministers, Catholic priests, Jewish rabbis, parent-teacher associations, YMCAs, YWCAs, USOs, consumer co-operatives, libraries, small town and county newspapers, religious and labor press, columnists and radio commentators, and miscellaneous individual liberal and progressive organizations.

For a while, the CIO left the more conservative American Federation of Labor far behind in propaganda techniques. But slowly the Federation's "young Turks" have been forcing the staid AFL leaders to move along with the times.

Today, the AFL is beginning to poke its way into the streamlined techniques of up-to-the-minute public relations. It is about to launch a large-scale publishing venture to glamorize its 400 newspapers. A magazine section, similar to the nationally syndicated newspaper Sunday supplements will soon be printed for inclusion in AFL papers. The section will be called *Now* and will run everything but union propaganda. The men who plan it propose that it be pure entertainment, featuring name-writers such as John Erskine, Channing Pollock and Fannie Hurst, who have written for the sample edition now being privately circulated. Behind the project is the slight, wing-collared AFL brain-truster, Matthew Woll, a Federation vice-president who recently surrounded himself with some of the nation's bright labor publicists.

Behind this glamorizing and streamlining and this high-pressure propaganda work is the grim realization that

the coming years will bring another old-fashioned depression during which big business and the big unions will be forced to stand up to each other and fight for existence. How seriously the CIO is taking this threat can be seen in its current drive to raise \$1,000,000 to back up its wage-increase crusade.

The AFL has millions more. The situation is summed up best in a song written during the early CIO days by a left-wing union organizer:

The Union and the bosses
Charge each other with duplicity.
All's wasted — in the end — the public's
On the side of the best publicity.



Types of Authors —

The *Flying Fishes*; these are Writers who now and then *rise* upon their *Fins*, and fly out of the *Profunds*, but their Wings are soon *dry*, and they drop down to the *Bottom*.

The *Swallows* are Authors that are eternally *skimming* and *fluttering* up and down, but all their Agility is employ'd to *catch Flies*.

The *Ostridges* are such whose Heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the Ground; their Wings are of no use to lift them up, and their Motion is between *flying* and *walking*; but then they *run* very *fast*.

The *Parrots* are they that repeat *another's Words*, in such a *hoarse*, odd Voice, that makes them seem *their own*.

The *Didappers* are Authors that keep themselves long *out of sight*, under water, and *come up* now and then where you least *expected* them.

The *Porpoises* are unwieldy and big; they put all Numbers into a great *Turmoil* and *Tempest*, but whenever they appear in *plain Light* (which is seldom) they are only *shapeless* and *ugly monsters*.

The *Frogs* are such as can neither *walk* nor *fly*, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration: They live generally in the *Bottom* of a *Ditch*, and make a *great Noise* whenever they thrust their *Heads above Water*.

The *Eels* are obscure Authors, that wrap themselves up in their *own Mud*, but are mightily *nimble* and *pert*.

The *Tortoises* are slow and *chill*, and like *Pastoral* Writers delight much in *Gardens*: they have for the most part a *fine embroider'd Shell*, and under it, a *heavy Lump*.

— JONATHAN SWIFT

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Eels: A History in Discovery

NOWADAYS young naturalists, at the beginning of their careers, not infrequently suffer from a dismaying misgiving. It is this: that we have attained to a day of such thorough scientific research, such exhaustive knowledge of the world in which we are a part, such comprehension of the why and the how of all phenomenal occurrence, that it is hardly worthwhile at this late date to undertake a life of investigation of the riddles of natural history. What riddles are left? What remains to be investigated? Some centuries ago it may have been problematical where the orioles go in winter. Now we can affix a push-pin to a map, and designate exactly where in Mexico or Venezuela the summer orioles of Maine are certainly spending December and January. Oliver Goldsmith may have been able to amuse himself with speculations about the habits of cuckoos. Today we can no longer speculate and wonder. The mysterious is reduced to the commonplace and the exploded; we have Chance's *The Truth About the Cuckoo* available at the nearest library. About how far may it be from our earth to this or that star? It does not remain open to us to plunge into excited calculations and

breathless conjecturings. We know the answer. Is a field sparrow a help or a hindrance to the prosecution of human agriculture, and to what degree? Alas, it has for many years been possible to say to the milligram exactly how many weed-seeds such a sparrow eats in a season, and what kinds of seeds they are, and how the sparrow disperses them, and how much this comes to in terms of the dollars and cents of the national economy. We know exactly how many barbules there are on a bluebird's feather. We have a hundred fat volumes tracing precisely what we understand to occur inside the skull of a white rat when it chooses a brown piece of cheese instead of a white piece of cheese. We can draw a diagram of the inside of an atom.

What requires to be said to inquirers into natural history who find themselves thus disheartened by our present satiety of knowledge is very simple. It may be put in words as simple as these: the wearisome moment, when we have reached the point where (as we currently put it) "we know all the answers," has been reached (as they thought) by the naturalists of every era since man first lifted up his shaggy head in the

wild initial moment of self-awareness and appraisal. The facts of nature were known, and tediously ticketed, when Aristotle lay in his cradle. There was a ready disposal, among the most ancient Greeks, to suppose that they knew all that could ever possibly be known about the behavior of frogs. Men drew maps, with a fine finality, almost as soon as they could draw at all. An aspiring ornithologist, in the days of Pliny the Elder, must have considered with the utmost discouragement his prospect of ever being able to make any new contribution to the question of what became of the swallows in the winter season. For it was all already known and complacently written down in the awesomely authoritative kind of volume called a textbook. It was on record that in the autumn the swallows (as the immortal phrase goes) "conglobulate together," and pass the winter, intertwined in a feathery ball, at the bottom of a river.

To suppose, at our own moment in history or at any other, that we have completed our inquiry into nature . . . to suppose that we have unriddled a tenth of all the riddles, or a hundredth or a thousandth or a millionth of them . . . or even to suppose that the solutions which we have indeed reached are in any sense final or incorrectible . . . all this is the wildest of presumption and the most humorless of conceit. There is a venerable text about how no man, by searching, can find out God. It may be paraphrased to say that no man

and no succession of men, by their searching, can altogether acquaint themselves with the nature and working of the *Mysterium Tremendum* in which, blinkered, finite and tinily creaturely, they are permitted for a small span to enjoy experience. We think it is quite funny now that great-grandfather once had so weird a fancy about the "conglobulation" of the swallows. Great-grandfather's sons corrected him. We corrected our fathers. But do we know, in fact, what goes on inside a swallow's smooth-feathered skull? Can we read, entirely and with certain sureness, the working of those swallow-glands, those swallow-wings, those swallow-impulses, the depths of the swallow-psyche? A moment's humility should show any naturalist the absurdity. What we believe to be the truth about swallows is probably more correct (a little) than what was supposed to be the final truth about them in the day of Rameses the Third. But as against what is in fact the final and total truth about swallows — as against the whole of the ultimate secret of even this one trivial species of all the myriad species of birds — to what does it come? It comes to very little. We are forever inquirers; and our inquiry is never done.

II

To any youthful naturalist who may be suffering the despair of imagining that knowledge has become too complete, there may be whispered a magic

word. The word is "eels." An eel, as a glance into history will reveal, has been a commonplace article of man's diet since very nearly the beginning of the keeping of records. There can hardly be an American body of inland water that does not harbor eels; and it is so also in Europe. Eels? These serpentine *Anguillidae*, with embedded scales and sinuous greenish bodies, have been available for watching and studying by naturalists ever since man became sufficiently curious to inquire at all into the aquarian lives around him. Is there then a mystery about them?

Today we should certainly say:

No, there is no mystery. Eels are fish that live in streams and pond-bottoms; and when at six or eight years of age they become adult, their skins turn shimmering white; and then as "silver eels" they begin a long, long migration to the sea. Far out in the sea, probably just north of the West Indies, they then breed and die; and presently the baby eels, two or three inches long, come migrating shoreward and up the rivers, until they have reached the inland waters, and there they then live out their adulthood until spawning-time, whereupon they are impelled to head for the sea again, to recommence the peculiar cycle of the life of eeldom.



Eel

Frank Utpatel

That is what we should say today, with the complacency of uttering a familiar fact so indubitable as to date, doubtless, from antiquity. The actual date of the establishment of our present knowledge of the breeding and life-history of eels may come with a degree of shock. The date was 1925. The "well-known facts" about eels, which we can now so cheerily adduce, date from the administration of Calvin Coolidge and the researches of a man named Schmidt.

A naturalist in the era of Aristotle had no reason to make further investigation of the life-history of eels. The "well-known facts" were established. Eels, as Aristotle had pontifically recorded, were sexless and eggless. They arose (as was well-known to all scientifically-minded persons, not disposed to belittle the word of the learned) in a manner that might be described as spontaneous, springing up from the *ges enteræ* of the sea.

By the time of Albertus Magnus (when, as must have been compellingly clear to any potential nature-student of the period, the old errors of Aristotle had been largely swept away and the "final truth" incontestably arrived at), the facts about eels were corrected to a theory that the eel was viviparous, eels being born alive from parent eels.

G. Rondelet, whose *Libri de piscibus marinis* was published many centuries later and could scarcely be scorned save by the most injudicious naturalist, placed upon record a new and

final truth about the eel. The eel, as he had once and for all determined, was not in fact viviparous. It was generated, in the manner of parthenogenesis, from an unknown chemistry which took place in sea-matter that had become putrid.

Malpighi, in the seventeenth century, carefully considered eels and came up with his definitive findings. The great microscopist, Leeuwenhoek, made his contribution: he had found baby eels in a mother eel's uterus. It was some years before the realization that what Leeuwenhoek had taken for the uterus was in fact the bladder, and that what he had taken for baby eels were in fact a gathering of small parasites.

In the eighteenth century Dr. Sancassini, of Comacchio, Italy, studied eel-ovaries and produced the final truth about the eel. Mondini, in 1777, produced the *really* final truth. And then Syrski, at Trieste in 1873, put down the last word. The last word, that is, of course, until Schmidt in 1925.

And now it is 1945, and at last we know, as we are pleased to say, all that is to be known about eels. Could a fancy be more preposterous? Could we well convict ourselves of a presumptuousness more nearly maniacal? We are not to derogate, certainly, what Dr. Schmidt has established. But shall we think there is nothing more to be established? Shall we think that there is nothing more to know, or that what we know today as a surety cannot become the myth of tomorrow?

The created universe stretches limitless around us. We peer at it, blinking and blundering, and fumble our way toward what little portions of truth it may be vouchsafed to us to learn. Henri Fabre, who was a wise man and thus a humble one, once noted his opinion that "human knowledge will have been erased from the archives of the earth before we have learned the

last word about a common ant." It is a sentiment that must impress itself upon every naturalist who has investigated, more than a little way, the history of natural history. To any youthful naturalist disposed to dismiss it, or to any older naturalist suffering a fit of over-certainty, there may be whispered a humility-restoring word. The word is eels.



FOGGY NIGHT

BY SJANNA SOLUM

THE fog-horn's constant, deep, recurring knell
That seems to haunt the huddled, sleeping town,
And, like a muffled heart, to beat far down
The coast, has mazed my mind in magic spell.
Here in the warmth and comfort of this room,
A shell that holds serenity and peace,
The moan intrudes, insisting on release
Of consciousness to where the wild seas loom.

Deserting the volume that my hands uphold,
My mind effects a strange duality:
In part it stays to mock ironically;
The rest escapes to entertain the cold,
The silver-fluid air, the deeper moan
Of fog-horn heart that beats in monotone.

LORENZO COFFIN, FANATIC

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

NEXT time you come safe^{ly} and whole of limb to the end of a railroad journey, you might give a moment's pause and thanks to the man who, more than any other before or since, made American railroads the safe mode of travel they are today and have been for forty years past. He was Lorenzo Coffin, a bearded and forgotten fanatic whose one-track mind and grim determination have possibly saved your life and mine, not once but many times.

Coffin's younger days had no bearing on the achievements of his old age. Born in 1823 on a New Hampshire farm, he attended college at Oberlin, Ohio, taught school in that state, then went off to serve in the Civil War as chaplain in the 32nd Iowa Infantry. After the war he went back to farming near Fort Dodge, Iowa, and in 1874 witnessed an accident that changed his life and gave him that Great Purpose which all fanatics must have.

The accident happened on a railroad trip when Coffin, faced with the choice of waiting hours for a passenger train or taking a mixed freight, chose the latter. In the act of switching the

train on a siding, one of the brakemen lost the two remaining fingers on his right hand. He had lost the others in a similar accident a year before. Coffin soon learned that few brakemen of any experience possessed all of their fingers because of the highly dangerous operation of coupling cars by the pins then in use. The brakemen had to stand between the cars being coupled to direct the pin into the socket. It took a lot of fingers, many whole hands — and often lives. Other brakemen lost their lives in falling from moving trains while twisting at the old hand-brakes.

The accident he had seen and the knowledge he had gained produced a powerful effect on Coffin. Less and less he tended his farm; more and more he brooded. He rode about the Middle West on freight trains and talked with the crews. He learned that an automatic coupler had been invented which made coupling safe. He learned that several kinds of air-brakes, any one of which would do away with the dangerous hand-brakes, were on the market, but not in use. Why were these fine devices not

STEWART H. HOLBROOK is best known for his books and articles on logging-camp life and American folklore. This article is one of a series dealing with little-known historical characters, which will form the substance of an unconventional history of the United States.

adopted? The train crews told Coffin it was because of the cost. There and then, Coffin took a vow that he was going to do something about it.

"My first job," he said later, "was to arouse the public to this awful wrong, this butchering of these faithful men who were serving the public at such fearful risk of life and limb. I had discovered that it was taken as a matter of course that railroad men of necessity be maimed and killed."

It should be borne in mind that railroad travel in the 1870's was at best a dangerous adventure. Rails were light and of inferior quality. The signal cord through the train to the locomotive was still comparatively new. Use of the telegraph was only twenty years old, and far from perfect. Time tables, when they existed at all, were more fiction than fact. A majority of railroad employees were hard-drinking daredevils who bragged of taking chances. The safety of passengers was hardly considered at all. From about 1850 until near the end of the century, wrecks caused by head-on collisions, by derailments, by falling bridges and trestles continued to be a ghastly and increasingly great national scandal.

Lorenzo Coffin did a great deal of traveling in the late 1870's — all to a purpose. He wasn't going anywhere; he was getting an arsenal of facts about how railroad employees were being needlessly butchered, chiefly through operation of coupling-pins and hand-brakes. He gave little if any thought to the traveling public. Then, with his

facts gathered, he set out to remedy the conditions responsible. He wanted the roads to adopt George Westinghouse's airbrake, and to install the newly invented automatic coupler.

II

The railroads, however, were immune to suggestion, pleading or laws. They feared nobody. They had begun buying the influence of United States senators and congressmen, just as they bought rails and rolling stock. They operated trains when and where they pleased. They charged what they would for freight and passengers. They said that the many and terrible accidents on their lines were "unfortunate" and laid the whole dreary business to Acts of God.

By 1880, American railroads were the most arrogant corporations one could imagine. Lorenzo Coffin, a lone, bewhiskered farmer from Iowa, had set out to tackle these giants single-handed. He presently became known as the "Airbrake Fanatic." Railroad officials got to know him as a bore, a gadfly, and when he tried to see them in person he found them "gone to Europe," a sort of euphemism of the day comparable to "in conference." Snubbed, often bodily thrown out of offices, Coffin turned to the press. He wrote pieces for the daily papers, whose editors tossed the pieces into waste-baskets. Just another nut. The only outlets Coffin could discover for his protests were the small, religious, family and farm periodicals; and into

these dismally printed journals he poured his eloquence.

In direct and appealing language, often with quaint asides and scriptural allusions, Coffin attacked both the emotions and reason. He described in detail the tragedies brought to countless families — in 1881 they numbered some 30,000 — by loss of their breadwinners who had been killed or maimed for life because of accidents with hand-brakes and coupling pins. He took pains to describe these lethal devices and showed how great numbers of men had fallen to their deaths or been crushed to a bloody pulp in their operation. Needless, cried old Coffin, all needless tragedy! He said Mr. Westinghouse had invented a brake that would do away with much of this murder, but that because of the cost, the railroads would not install it. He was right, too.

Through all of the discouragements of a lone-handed battle the white-haired farmer kept up his agitation; and in Iowa, at least, he was making progress. In 1883, when he was sixty, that state made him its railroad commissioner. He immediately wrote and sent out thousands of letters, not form letters but real ones, to railroad officials, to common men and women, to newspapers, churches, lodges, societies, Granges, labor unions. He asked for moral support, for help of any kind, to club the recalcitrant roads into adopting the two simple devices that would vastly reduce injury and fatality to railroad employees.

Coffin invited himself to conven-

tions of railroad officials and equipment builders, and here he was as welcome as leprosy. But he attended, when they did not stop him by force, and once there he stood up and accused the railroads of committing murder and mayhem. And always he closed his arguments by pointing out that safe brakes and safe couplers had been invented and were ready; all that was needed was their application.

Although the Westinghouse and other airbrakes were actually already in limited use on passenger trains of some lines, these were the exception; and airbrakes were not used on freights at all. Coffin soon discovered to his amazement that the lines had no intention of generally adopting either the airbrake or the automatic coupler. Cost too much to install and maintain, they argued. "But I note," shouted Coffin, "that the Chicago & Alton and most other lines continue to pay their 8 per cent dividends regularly." Now the tall old fanatic with the grizzled beard took a new tack. By almost super-human efforts he prevailed on the Master Car Builders Association to agree to a test of airbrakes on a long freight train. Nearly everybody considered this a futile effort; the new invention might be used on short, light trains, but not on heavy freights. They simply would not work.

Coffin hounded the Master Car Builders until they set a date for tests. The first of these came in 1886. Experiments proved disappointing, and after the second day Coffin was the

only state railroad commissioner present. The others had gone home, declaring they had wasted their time in listening to a wild-eyed fanatic. The trials were repeated in May 1887, and this time Coffin had prevailed on George Westinghouse himself to attend. The tests failed once more, and again Coffin was denounced. But Westinghouse had watched the trials. He had seen what his invention lacked. He returned to Pittsburgh, took off his coat and went to work in his shops to perfect an airbrake that would stop a 50-car train.

Later that summer the third test — famous in railroad history as the Burlington Trials — was held on a long grade of track of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, eight miles west of Burlington, Iowa. Both Westinghouse and Coffin were present. According to an eye-witness account, the two men watched while “an immense train was hurled down the steep grade into Burlington at 40 miles an hour.” At a given signal the airbrakes were applied, and the “train came to a standstill *within 500 feet* and with hardly a jar.” It was wonderful, that stopping to the hissing of compressed air!

Lorenzo Coffin, aged and weather-beaten, stood close by the track, and bystanders saw tears of joy stream from his eyes and run shamelessly down his lined leathery face. “I am,” he cried, choking with emotion, “the happiest man in all Creation!”

It was an epochal day in American railroad history. Never before had a long, heavy train of cars been stopped

by air, quickly and without harm to men or equipment. Coffin, still naïve in regard to railroads of the time, thought his work was done. It was really just beginning, for the roads were no more anxious to adopt the new devices than most railroads of today have been anxious to adopt the radio method of train communication and other modern safety equipment.

III

Soon after the successful tests Coffin drafted the first railroad safety appliance law ever written. It required that all trains operating in Iowa should be equipped with airbrakes and automatic couplers. The act was promptly made into state law. The law was promptly disregarded by the railroads in Iowa. They had no intention of adopting the new devices.

In the spring of 1888 the Interstate Commerce Commission came into being. The Commission's first act was to invite the state railroad commissioners of the nation to a meeting in Washington to discuss various problems having to do with railroading, and particularly traffic rates. By now Coffin was no longer a commissioner. But he sat down and rewrote his safety appliance law to fit the entire United States. This he put into his pocket and then went to Washington.

The large gathering was called to order. On the first day Coffin, who had no right to be there, got up. He stood straight and tall in spite of his years. The old fire burned brightly.

He told the assembled experts, before they could stop him, more about railroad accidents than they had ever guessed, or wanted to hear. He piled horror upon horror, and interspersed the bloody statistics with pitiful tales of the aftermath of accidents. "These are cold and awful facts," he cried, his voice shaking. He painted scenes that made his listeners squirm, and left many of them wet-eyed. He was eloquent, this old man from the back-country and he knew what he was talking about.

Coffin's address to the group was superb, and it had a lasting effect on many in the audience, including the Interstate Commerce Commissioners themselves. But the time wasn't quite ripe. The meeting laid Coffin's proposed national act aside. Coffin went back to his farm, not to weep but to prepare for the next attack. He raised a little money from his own resources, then returned to Washington where he was to stay for four years, living a Spartan life in cheap boarding houses because he could afford no better fare. He was now a lobbyist — a lobbyist without money and thus hardly welcome anywhere. But he happened to be that rare sort of a man who never counts the odds against him — a true fanatic, one with a practical idea.

The idea was an act, a law, that would cover every mile of every railroad in every state — a truly vast conception in its day. This would be made to apply to all roads and would impose on them what Coffin said was the absolute necessity of air-

brakes and automatic couplers. He quickly learned that most senators and congressmen felt that airbrakes and such were very fine in the abstract but were not to be introduced into serious legislation on a national scale. All the Southern roads made it plain that they wanted no part of the new-fangled devices. Most of the Northern roads were either apathetic or hostile, Coffin found, although the Vanderbilt lines, he said, "never fought me, but often gave me *private* encouragement."

He continued his lobbying. He rewrote his proposed national law again and again, and at last he got a pretty good bill through the House, then hovered over it until it had passed the Senate; and on March 2, 1893, often called "the greatest day in railroad history," President Harrison gave it his approval. The President also gave the pen with which he signed the bill to Coffin, who until the end of his long life cherished it as witness to his triumph in a struggle that had lasted almost two decades.

The Railroad Safety Appliance Act brought immediate and striking improvement. It reduced the rate of accidents to employees by a whopping 60 per cent. The passenger accident rate fell to almost nothing. And the act had another influence. Once the roads discovered the happy effects of safety on their business, they went wholeheartedly for anything new and better. Train speeds continued to increase down to the present day; and until quite recently the safety of rail-

road travel was a mere commonplace.

Lorenzo Coffin lived well into the present century and witnessed the steady improvement and safety of travel by train. His main work was done, but he must have something to live for.

With this in view, he founded the Railroad Temperance Association, which he maintained at his own expense. Wherever he went his pockets were filled with little white buttons which he gave to trainmen who "had given me their word to abstain from the use of those beverages which destroy manhood and render the individual unfitted for the performance of his duties." He distributed more than 250,000 of these buttons in person. He also helped to found in Chicago the Home for Aged and Disabled Railroad Men. In 1907 he campaigned for the governorship of Iowa on the Prohibition ticket.

Thus Coffin was a true fanatic to

the last, one of the most useful fanatics this country has ever produced, the man Westinghouse needed to give his invention real and widespread use. It is a commentary on something or other that we Americans will erect monuments to Grant, Lee, Houston, Dewey, the Unknown Soldier — killers to a man — but few of us know that Lorenzo Coffin, a saver of countless lives, ever lived.

It is more than possible, in view of what has been happening to railroad travel in recent years, that another fanatic of Coffin's type is needed today, somebody who could club the railroads into adoption of radio train communication, of new-type block signal systems, of automatic train controls and a dozen other new and tried and proved inventions which in the main are going begging today, as the airbrake and automatic coupler went begging until Lorenzo Coffin girded his loins and raised his voice.



*H*ISTORIES make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

— BACON

*T*HERE are three marks of a superior man: being virtuous, he is free from anxiety; being wise, he is free from perplexity; being brave, he is free from fear.

— CONFUCIUS

A VESSEL is known by the sound, whether it be cracked or not; so men are proved, by their speech, whether they be wise or foolish.

— DEMOSTHENES

THE FUNNY SIDE OF THE POLLS

By ROBERT M. GOLDENSON

THE jaunty young lady in a gray plaid suit stopped and looked inquiringly at the unpainted house, then carefully picked her way up the rickety stairs and hesitantly knocked at the door. The three ragged children playing on the porch stared at her for a moment, then chorused, "Mamma, somebody's here to see you!" In a minute or two a haggard woman appeared in the doorway, smoothing her unkempt hair with one hand and her soiled apron with the other. She exchanged a few words with the visitor, then both disappeared into the house.

Fifteen minutes later the young lady emerged and took her leave. But now her jaunty air had vanished and her face was sober and thoughtful. As she walked away from the house, she glanced down at a sheaf of printed papers in her hand. Her eye wandered over the top sheet and stopped twice. She couldn't restrain a smile when she read the woman's answer to her question, "How long do you think the war is going to last?" It was, "Well, I don't know much about those things,

but I reckon it'll last for the duration at least." But her smile faded and the serious expression returned when she came to the other answer. The question had merely been a general inquiry as to how the housewife was getting along on the rationing system. The unexpected reply was, "Not very well, I'm sorry to say. You see, I just can't buy all that meat and canned goods I'm supposed to buy. It costs too much. I'd *like* to help the government out, but I just can't do it."

The young lady, as you have no doubt guessed, is a practitioner of that newest profession known as public opinion reporting. An intense interest in people and a few spare hours each week brought her into the work. Before landing the job she had to meet the educational requirements of a national survey organization and take a brief course of training with a field representative. Now at last she's "hitting the road," armed only with a couple of pencils, a clipboard, some questionnaires and a studied air of nonchalance. Beneath the surface she

ROBERT M. GOLDENSON, instructor in social psychology at Hunter College, has done extensive research for the National Opinion Research Center of the University of Denver and for the Office of Public Opinion Research at Princeton University. At present, he is writing and conducting *When He Comes Home*, a series of radio programs portraying the readjustment problems of the returning veteran.

feels that anything might happen. And it often does, if you can judge by her own experiences and the tales told by other polltakers, male and female, from all over the country.

It doesn't take the budding interviewer long to discover that the job requires the glibness of a Fuller-brush man, the tact of a diplomat and the inquisitiveness of a customs inspector. Not many people could restrain a grin if a Kentucky mountaineer answered a question about the Lend-Lease program with: "Lend-Lease program? Never heard it yet — but I don't get much time to listen to the radio." Few would have the patience to nod and smile appreciatively if they had to wait ten minutes for a 250-pound housewife to finish doing a hula-hula in a grass skirt sent by her son in the Pacific. And how many of us would know what to say, or not to say, if we went into a grocery store with an OPA questionnaire in our hands, and found that the proprietor had papered the entire ceiling with ceiling-price lists?

But the rewards of the work are no less apparent than its trials and tribulations. Chief among them is the unrivaled opportunity to track down the human animal to his native haunts, and in doing so, to help keep democracy alive and talking. If you want a first-hand report on the behavior of our species, normal and eccentric, and some revealing details for an up-to-the-minute biography of Mr. and Mrs. America, the polltakers are the people to consult for the information.

II

Perhaps the most striking first impression the public opinion reporter gathers is the affability of the average American. He's easy to talk to and ready to give his opinion on the most challenging questions. Often, too, he'll throw light on the great issues of the day, and stretch — even strain — the imagination of the interviewer. Like the Midwestern farmer who pounded the kitchen table and asserted that he absolutely approved of our joining a union of nations . . . "if there ain't too many damn foreigners in it." Or the salty old fisherman in Maine who was asked what problem seemed to be most pressing during the closing stages of the war. Said he, "To keep the Coast Guard from increasing the population too fast around here." Then there was the answer given by no less than half a dozen Texans to the question about which country has the most influence in the world today. It was, of course, "Texas."

Occasionally the reporter finds someone who is even *too* eager to be interviewed — like a certain elderly spinster in a Midwest town. When the polltaker had finished explaining the purpose of her visit, this lady invited her into the parlor and proceeded to close the door and draw all the blinds with an air of profound secrecy. Then she turned to her guest and rapturously purred, "I'm *so* glad you came to see me. Everybody comes to me to decide all important questions. Why, the man who owns China lives near

here and always discusses his war problems with me." At this point the reporter suddenly contracted a violent coughing spell and had to withdraw post haste.

These roving reporters have discovered that hospitality is not confined to the Southern section of our country. It's a general American characteristic. For instance, the proprietor of a country store in Oklahoma wouldn't approach the business of answering questions until he had presented the interviewer to the three women who were working with him. They turned out to be "mah ex-wife, mah present wife, and the little gal who's goin' to be mah next wife." All three acknowledged the introductions with charming equanimity. And even in Apt. B on the fifth floor of a walkup in New York — that notoriously cold city — a reporter encountered a hospitable reception. His ring was greeted with a cheery, "Come in!" But on entering he almost stumbled over a shiny bathtub placed in the very center of the hall (apparently the only vacant spot in the apartment), with the pipes descending from the middle of the ceiling. Not to mention the fact that the lady of the house was at that moment using the new fixture for its appointed purpose! And to top it all, the husband insisted on going through with the interview — but at least he stepped out into the stairway to do so.

The commonest complaint the polltakers hear is, "Why haven't I ever been interviewed?" The answer is that

the usual survey covers only about 2,500 people. When this number represents all economic, geographic, sex and age groups in their proper proportions, it will yield a sampling of opinion that is within 3 per cent of accuracy for the whole country. Which means that at the present rate of polling it would take just about 2,692 years to interview everyone in the nation over twenty-one years old, without taking population changes into consideration. But it also means that if you *are* interviewed, you may pat yourself on the back, since you're representing 32,000 of your fellow countrymen.

However, the polltaker must always expect a few refusals, even if he puts his best foot forward — in the door. A New England woman had the right idea — but wrongly applied it to the polls — when she insisted that "People talk too much. In a war, blabotage is worse than sabotage." And far to the South a dejected share-cropper just wouldn't answer a single question. Said he, "I reckon I ain't talkin'. My old hag just said my brain's so small my ears rub together. So I ain't talkin' to nobody ter-day." Seeing that it was no use, the pollster went on, and not far away stopped an old fellow shuffling along the road. Said she, "Could I talk to you if you're not in too big a hurry?" To which he replied, "No'm, ah'm not in a *big* hurry, but ah is in a sort of a *slow* hurry."

The feminine interviewers have been especially impressed not only

with our people's hospitality, but with their readiness to talk about personal matters. One of their major problems is to keep members of their own sex — and often the other sex as well — from switching the subject from propaganda to propagation or from foreign to domestic relations. When one girl asked the usual question about marital status, placed near the end of every questionnaire, the housewife she was interviewing suddenly burst into tears and made a heart-rending request. "Would you possibly have time to interview my husband? He lives on Elm Street, at the other end of town. I can't understand it. We were *so* happily married for fourteen years. But last month he left me without warning, and started to get a divorce. Maybe you could draw him into conversation on the subject of marriage and persuade him to reconsider."

At another time the pretty pollster was busily interviewing a wizened Westerner of seventy-five years. The equally ancient wife had been glancing uneasily in her direction for some time. Finally she beckoned the girl over and said, without a trace of malice, "If you want the old man, you can have him!" Then she hastily added, "But remember — nothing else goes with him." And of a slightly different hue was the experience of another feminine quizzer somewhere in Arizona. In her own words: "I was standing on a corner, debating which direction to start around the block, when a 'lady' strolled by, and said

out of the corner of her mouth, 'Get going, sister! This is my block!'"

Another female reporter once stopped a prim old girl sandwiched between signs advising the public to "Go to the Gypsy Tea Room." After a few minutes of talk, she began to feel more like a psychoanalyst than a polltaker. Her ears were deluged with a bewildering and totally irrelevant story of disappointed aspirations, all of which seemed somehow to center around the woman's mother. Finally the reporter asked her just what the mother was like. This is the enlightening answer, delivered in fervent tones: "My mother? Oh, she was a refined, aristocratical, cultured lady. In fact, if any man got fresh with her, she'd smack him right in the puss."

III

Although widespread polling of the public is scarcely eight years old, the mind of America has been sounded out on a wide variety of matters — from sit-down strikes to birth control, from public health insurance to using the USO for educational purposes. When he looks over his results, the man who surveys opinion cannot escape the conclusion that the average American has definite, articulate opinions on almost every public issue of our times. But even more notable is the fact that these opinions are anything but uniform. There is, to be sure, substantial agreement on many important questions, such as old age insurance, a government crusade

against venereal disease and our joining a union of nations. But the notion that we have standardized *thinking* to match our standardized industry is a downright distortion. The rarest experience of all is to have someone object to the surveys on this ground: "Different ideas from different people cause 'confusements,' when a few people could 'squinch' it." Quaintly expressed — but insidious!

The objection that the polls themselves influence public opinion has been clearly answered in the negative. When the weekly results of election surveys are published, there is no noticeable swing toward the majority opinion. Americans simply don't jump on the bandwagon and vote the way the crowd votes. Of course, people do change their opinions — but only after giving the matter some careful cogitation — as in the case of the gardener who was asked how he voted in the last election. After some thoughtful head-scratching, this answer came forth: "Well, you see, mister, it's this way. I'm a Republican, I have always been a Republican, and nobody in my family ever was anything but a Republican. But I *does* like Mr. Roosevelt: that man shore done a powerful lot of good. So I just scratched out 'Democrat' at the top of the column and wrote in 'Republican.' So I voted Republican for Roosevelt. A man as good as that got no business bein' a Democrat."

At the end of every questionnaire there is a list of factual questions about age, income level, education, political

affiliation, and so on. The object is to cross-tabulate the results of nationwide surveys to see, for example, whether people on high or on low income levels adapt themselves more readily to the rationing system. But sometimes even these questions reveal more than is expected. There's the candid Louisianan who admitted that he had no idea about the weekly salary of the main earner in his household. "You see," said he, "my three daughters supports me, and as long as they give me my tobaccy, I never asks 'em how much they make." When a certain woman in Indiana was asked her age, she took ten minutes to calculate, by some obscure system of biological arithmetic, that she was sixty years old, since she had twelve children and the youngest was eighteen. And when a Pennsylvania interviewer asked, "Do you remember if you filled out the long or the short form income tax return last March?" the prize reply went like this, "Well, I'll tell yuh . . . It wasn't long, and it wasn't short . . . I'd say it was just about square."

A survey of the surveys will reveal much on the credit side of the ledger. For example, the opinions of the people at large have often been far ahead of the actions of the law-makers. Perhaps it's because they were unencumbered by lobbyists or political ambitions, but at any rate they led the leaders by favoring, three to one, a larger army and air force as early as 1935 — and they were willing to pay higher taxes for them. (There were six

planes on Wake Island when it was attacked in 1941.) Almost a year before Congress took action, they wanted to help stop Hitler by sending supplies to England and France; and three years before Pearl Harbor three-quarters of the people advocated an embargo against shipping oil, scrap and gasoline to Hirohito. It wasn't until the summer of 1941 that Congress got around to that.

But don't get the idea that we're a nation of intellectual prodigies and infallible prophets. The gaps and confusion in our thinking are only too apparent. We're particularly hazy on the subject of economics and geography, and the details of international politics rarely come within our ken. Few of us can name even one provision of the Atlantic Charter, and over 75 per cent don't know that the ratification of a treaty can be prevented by thirty-three Senators. Some are still wondering whether Mikhailovich and Timoshenko play in the Notre Dame backfield; many still have no idea who owned Guadalcanal before the war.

Most Americans are unable to give an accurate definition of imperialism; many confuse it with dictatorship *within* a country. Yet, the polls showed that most people were thinking in the right direction for it called to mind such meanings as these: "land-grabbing," "domination," "Germany in a nutshell," "un-American," and "grasping for power. . . . It's awful — lots of it right here in this town!"

But we have even more trouble

with other terms. For instance, less than 30 per cent have any notion what a subsidy is or what causes inflation. But one old fellow knew what he would *do* about inflation if it ever came: "I reckon I'd jest set back and watch her inflate." However, it's a good sign that in a national survey on the black market only one person was heard to murmur, "Black market? Isn't that some sort of an insect that gets into the meat?" But perhaps the climax of clarity was attained by a Georgia patriarch's concise explanation of another important term — unconditional surrender. Here it is: "They can surrender in case they're in condition to surrender. If they wasn't in condition to surrender they'd be unconditioned to surrender. Then if they was unconditioned to surrender they wouldn't have to surrender, 'cause they ain't in any condition to surrender."

IV

Although his information on specific matters is often meager, the typical American has a keen desire for self-improvement and a deep respect for education. A recent poll showed that a large majority want more tax money spent on education, and that four-fifths advocate Federal aid — although about the same percentage are wary of Federal *control* over the schools. But an even better indicator of American ways of thinking were the answers to this question: "What do you think is the most important thing a

child should get from his public school education?" The survey revealed that as a people we believe that character education is just as important as the academic subjects — and both of them rank higher than vocational study. In view of this result, the rather widespread notion that Americans are interested only in material welfare and worldly success smacks strongly of prejudice.

And notice some of the representative statements recorded by the polltakers: a retired income tax collector in Pennsylvania thinks "the power to observe, to think and to know where to find information is more essential than mere knowledge"; a Connecticut woman war worker recommends "more individualized training in the fundamentals"; and a railroad switchman in Utah suggests that the final aim of education should be "a sense of high moral values and a sense of personal integration."

There's variety and good sense in all these views. But just for the sake of completeness a couple of other typical attitudes shouldn't be overlooked. There's the wife of an Oklahoma truck farmer who insisted that we "stop 'em from operatin' on grasshoppers and learn 'em how to cook." And then the classic reply of the New England gentleman to the more specific question, "Do you approve of having sex problems scientifically discussed in the schools?" Without a moment's hesitation he leaned forward and replied with spirit, "Yes, I do indeed. The way women smoke in

public nowadays is a disgrace to our country!"

Although opinions on many issues differ widely, there is one subject on which all Americans seem to agree: their devotion to their country and to the cause of freedom. Here is a final incident that happened on the West Coast during the war. The polltaker was nearing the end of an interview with a tall, gaunt man whose voice showed more than a trace of an accent.

Said the interviewer, "Now for a few factual questions. Occupation?"

"I'm a ship-fitter."

Next question: "Native-born or naturalized?"

"Naturalized. I'm from Syria. Came here fifteen years ago. You know, I like this country."

"I'm sure you do," said the interviewer.

"You don't believe me. I *like* this country."

"Yes, yes. But now I have to find out what economic level you belong on. Let's see, you said you were a ship-fitter."

"Yes, but I haven't any money, except for a few dollars . . . but I like this country. I can prove it."

"I don't see what you mean."

Thereupon the ship-fitter pulled a letter out of his pocket. It was on government stationery — from a high official in the Treasury Department. It thanked him for a gift to the United States of America, consisting of an automobile, four twenty-five dollar war bonds and a personal check for four hundred dollars.

THE LIBRARY

The German Problem

BY HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

GERMANY is not only our problem; she is a world problem and, next to the atomic bomb, the most important world problem. Like the bomb she may be an instrument of incalculable and irreparable evil or — in some distant future — of usefulness. Like the bomb, too, she cannot be controlled and put ultimately to the service of civilization by any one nation or any group of nations, but only by all nations. It is a curious commentary on political intelligence that the most convincing proof that this is indeed One World should come from threats to destroy it.

Clearly we are not primarily concerned either with Germany or with the atomic bomb as such, but with them as they are related to the problem of world peace. It is not, in reality, Germany that is our problem — and Mr. Morgenthau sees this clearly enough in his timely book¹ — it is peace that is our problem and Germany as she may affect peace. What we have here is essentially a problem of criminology, and on so vast a scale that it confounds the ordinary prin-

ciples of punishment and reform. Our approach to it is inevitably confused, as our approach to the problem of crime and punishment is confused. We want to punish the offender and reform him; we want to protect society. And as the problem of crime and punishment has not yet been solved even by the most enlightened communities, it is perhaps too much to expect that the problem of a criminal nation should yield to ready or simple solution.

Whatever solution is adopted will be profoundly influenced by the United States and Russia; Mr. Hauser,² indeed, writes as if these two countries exclusively will determine the future of Germany. Yet it is of primary importance that we recognize the responsibility of the United Nations and, eventually, of a world organization for the solution of the German problem. And it is almost equally important that we enlist the active co-operation of Germany's neighbors, large and small, who have been victimized by her and who will have to live with her, and who have,

¹ *Germany Is Our Problem*, by Henry Morgenthau, Jr. \$2.00. Harper.

² *The German Talks Back*, by Heinrich Hauser. Introduction and footnotes by Hans J. Morgenthau. \$2.50. Henry Holt.

perhaps, larger stakes in the peaceful settlement than even we have. A solution satisfactory only to us will be no solution; it must be acceptable to Britain and France as well, to Denmark and Norway and Poland and Holland and Belgium and Czechoslovakia and other European countries. And it must satisfy not only the material needs of these countries — the need for reparation, restitution and security — but their conscience.

Acutely aware of the urgent and the complex character of the German problem, President Roosevelt, in September 1944, asked Secretary Morgenthau to draw up a master plan for the treatment of Germany after her inevitable defeat. This plan, which Mr. Roosevelt took with him to the Quebec Conference, is now presented to us in detail, accompanied by an elaborate argument for its necessity and wisdom. The plan has the merit of simplicity, the argument of cogency.

The plan, to put it baldly, calls for the elimination of all Germany's heavy industry, research laboratories, and cartel or other arrangements whereby Germany might conceivably build up strength in other countries. The argument, too, can be recapitulated briefly:

The maintenance of world peace is the primary consideration. Germany has been — and has the will and the resources to be again — the chief threat to world peace. Since it is impossible in a short time to destroy either the will to war or the intelligence to plan for war, the only ef-

fective way to deprive Germany of her power to threaten peace is to deprive her of all means to fight. The experience of the 1920's shows that mere reduction of armies and armaments, military occupation, inspection and regulation, are doomed to failure. The only really effective measure is to destroy or remove all heavy industries — metallurgical, chemical and electrical — and all research laboratories, thereby reducing Germany to an agricultural economy. Such a program, while it would work hardship upon Germany, is entirely feasible; the redistribution of land and the application of scientific methods to farming would enable Germany to feed herself, and other countries could take Germany's place in world industrial economy. To facilitate this program Germany should be divided into three separate areas: one based on Prussia, one based on Bavaria, and the third, along the lower Rhine, under international control. Having made sure that Germany is incapable of further aggression, it would be possible to turn with more confidence to the task of moral, cultural and political rehabilitation and to the ultimate restoration of Germany to the family of nations — a task which must, however, be performed by the Germans themselves. And, finally, the application and supervision of this program should be the responsibility not of any new world organization but of the military Allies.

We must ask ourselves of this — as of any program for the immuniza-

tion of the German threat — whether it is designed to achieve its object; whether it is practicable; whether it involves secondary difficulties or dangers not immediately connected with the German problem. The first question can be answered in the affirmative. Although Mr. Morgenthau's program was formulated before the atomic bomb, its provision for the elimination of research laboratories and heavy industries would clearly prevent Germany from keeping up in the atomic bomb race. The most arresting questions have to do with the feasibility of the program and with its long-run consequences.

No program which condemns the German people to permanent poverty and misery can work, for such a program would at once perpetuate German hatred for the victorious peoples and so outrage the conscience of the victors as to assure ameliorative measures. The practical question then becomes: can Germany exist and prosper with an agricultural economy? Mr. Morgenthau attempts to prove, by analyses of German farm potential, that she can. His analysis assumes a postwar population of around 60,000,000. But once the transfer of population now under way is completed, it seems likely that the German population will be closer to 75,000,000 than to 60,000,000. Can even more intensive agriculture and the development of light industry and of public services take care of the slack? Speculation here is unprofitable, but justifiable misgivings as to the

economic feasibility of the Morgenthau program persist.

What of the practicability of the territorial rearrangements envisioned by the program? Those rearrangements call not only for the division of Germany into three areas — two independent countries and one international zone — but for the cession of the Saar Basin to France, of part of Schleswig to Denmark, of part of East Prussia and areas east of the Oder to Poland. Will fragmentation of Germany make for peace, or will it — as with most territorial fragmentations of the past — make for unrest and war? Certainly it would seem that the experience of 1919 with the creation or recreation of small nations was not encouraging. If Germany is to be deprived of all power to make war, what virtue or additional security is there in territorial subdivision? The cession of territory east of the Oder to Poland is generally regarded as inevitable; the logic of territorial cessions to France and Denmark is by no means clear, and the argument for the separation of north and south Germany by no means persuasive.

The third question of the consequences of a weak Germany comes, in the last analysis, to a consideration of the relations between Russia and the rest of Europe. The argument which the Nazis used so effectively before the war, and with which they sought to divide the Allies during the war, is now being brought out in a new and revised edition. That is the argument that a strong Germany is necessary

to serve as a bulwark against Russian aggression. Mr. Morgenthau disposes of this argument succinctly and decisively. If we so handle things that there is need to fear Russia, reliance upon a "strong" Germany would be worse than useless, for any Germany strong enough to restrain Russia would be strong enough to defeat any other European nation and threaten once more the peace of the world.

II

There is no more convenient example of the illogic of those who want a "soft" peace because they fear Russia than that of Mr. Hauser. Germany, he asserts hysterically, is bound to go Communist, because the Germans have lost everything anyway, because the Allies are bound to bungler the job of occupation and control, because Russia alone has a program, and because, bad as Communism is, it is still better than democracy.

It is, altogether, a curious book, but the most curious thing about it is why it should have been published at all. The publishers, so they tell us in a solemn foreword, have given us this book as a public service, as a warning of the nature of the German mind, as a gesture toward free speech. But filled with misgivings (did not all the propagandists warn them that it was a dangerous book?), they have invited Professor Hans Morgenthau to annotate the book, and it is presented to us with two introductions and a running commentary saying in

effect that it is all a great mistake.

It certainly is. Mr. Hauser is not only unimpressive and unconvincing; he is uninteresting. He speaks, magisterially, as "the German" but there is no evidence that he is authorized to speak for any Germans, or that he knows anything about present-day Germany, the problem of war or the more urgent problem of peace. His book is hysterical and incoherent; it does not even succeed in scaring us.

It is easier to arrive at Mr. Hauser's emotional attitudes than at his arguments. He condemns the Germans as bad, but takes his share of the responsibility; then like an adolescent boy he tells us that the Germans do not really know that they were bad, and anyway propose to keep right on being as wicked as possible. He tells us that Communism is a dangerous and evil thing; that Germany might have saved the world from Communism; that the Germans will now embrace Communism because it is the least of the evils that confront them. He tells us that he found a welcome and a career in the United States; that he was not unhappy here and that his children were happy here; that he so loves this country that he offered (in vain) his services to the Army, Navy and Merchant Marine — but that the United States is nevertheless a dreadful country; that democracy is a fraud; that all Germans and most Europeans rightly hate both the United States and democracy.

Mr. Hauser has, to be sure, lucid intervals; at times even his inco-

herence is suggestive. Thus he agrees with Mr. Morgenthau that if Germany is to be saved, she must save herself; no outsiders can hope to re-educate her or to reform her. Thus, too, he makes clear that the guilt of the Nazis is a corporate as well as an individual guilt. Illuminating, if by no means persuasive, is his argument that punishment of war criminals is bound to fail because the criminals themselves — and the German people — do not recognize the standards of morality and justice that animate the Allies. Perhaps punishment is doomed to fail as a reformatory measure; at the worst it may serve as an example to future evil-doers.

What is most objectionable about Mr. Hauser's book is not his hysterical hatred of the United States and of democracy, but his disrespect for facts and his incapacity for logic. He has his own private history — perhaps it

is Nazi history — and his own illogic. There is no reason to suppose that anyone so injudicious and so inaccurate in his observations on recent history and on the United States is either judicious or accurate in his counsels for the future. If Mr. Hauser is really representative of the German mind today, then the task of rehabilitation is hopeless. Happily, there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Hauser represents anything but himself.

What is clear from the consideration of the German problem in these books is that there is no easy solution; there is no solution that can be achieved by the United States alone; there is no solution that must not take cognizance of rocket planes and atomic bombs. The German problem is more than a German problem; it is more than a military or economic or political problem. It is a world problem and a moral problem.



Book Review—

At present nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance: it is a kind of novel, called *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*; the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backwards. I can conceive a man saying that it would be droll to write a book in that manner, but have no notion of his persevering in executing it. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours.

— HORACE WALPOLE

*From a letter written shortly
after the publication of the book, 1760.*

THE OPEN FORUM

DISCRIMINATION IN MEDICAL COLLEGES

SIR: I have read Dr. Frank Kingdon's article, "Discrimination in Medical Colleges," in the October issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, with the greatest interest.

I not only share the apprehension which Dr. Kingdon's article sets forth, but deplore the quota system or practices of discrimination in any form. Men and women who apply for admission to professional schools should be accepted regardless of race, religious beliefs, or color.

The only way to enrich professional life in our country is to stimulate men and women of all racial origins to develop their talents in order that they may place them at the disposal of organized society. Having seen a good deal of sickness in my time, I know the patient does not care so much who is called in on the case as long as the skill of the physician is the very best that has been developed.

NEWBOLD MORRIS

President, *New York City Council*

New York City.

SIR: I have discussed the article, "Discrimination in Medical Colleges," by Dr. Frank Kingdon, in the October *MERCURY*, with a number of the leaders in this organization.

To state that we are gratified by this exposé of the true conditions existing in American universities by one whose knowledge of the subject and whose fair-mindedness is unquestioned, is to state it mildly. We believe Dr. Kingdon's article is a distinct contribution to a better understanding of undisclosed discrimination now rampant in this country.

One can appreciate disabled veterans' resentment on learning that the country they fought for permits such injustice to exist.

WILLIAM BERMAN

Executive Secretary,

Jewish War Veterans of the United States

New York City.

SIR: Dr. Frank Kingdon's article is of great significance, and it should blow the top off the quota system in medical schools. It should also have a great influence on the elimination of

quotas in all colleges and universities. I could add many cases of discrimination to those included in Dr. Kingdon's article. However, I think the article is sufficiently comprehensive to awaken liberal, democratic people to the deplorable situation that exists with respect to quotas in the leading American colleges and universities.

College and university officials should be held more deeply responsible for race discrimination than any other people of our country because they, above all others, have the opportunity and scientific information at hand to know better than to resort to a substitution of prejudice for fact.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is to be congratulated upon the inclusion of this article in its October issue.

EDWARD J. SPARLING

President, *Roosevelt College*

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Allow me to congratulate Dr. Kingdon and *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* for being the first to have the courage to discuss the policy of discrimination exercised by American medical schools.

It is regrettable that Dr. Kingdon did not have more space to enlarge on his thesis. He could have shown how the Board of Medical Examiners of the various states aided and abetted this policy by allowing only students from "approved" schools to take their examinations; how they decided not to recognize those European schools that did allow Jews to study there, thus effectively closing those sources to these people. (It was not the war, as Dr. Kingdon states.)

As an Army officer who is proud to serve our country in whatever capacity I am called upon, I regret bitterly that some of the things we fought for are the things that are a disgrace to our nation as a whole.

Discrimination in our professional schools is just such a disgraceful thing.

CAPT. MAURICE GRAYLE SUFFERN, *USA*
Washington, D. C.

SIR: Dr. Kingdon's article in your October issue is interesting, but I wish to point out an all-too-common error. In the closing lines of his article, Dr. Kingdon speaks of "Americans of Jewish or Italian origin." This comparison of the Jews as a national group, similar to the Italians, may well serve only to aggravate the discrimination of which Dr. Kingdon writes. I realize that discrimination exists, but Dr. Kingdon might have stated this thought more carefully in terms of Catholics and Jews, thus properly designating Jews as a *religious* group. This he did in his tabulation earlier in the article, and I merely point out the inconsistency in his later reference.

BEATRICE S. KAHN

New York City.

SIR: Dr. Frank Kingdon should be congratulated for his excellent presentation, and THE MERCURY for its courage in publishing an article which completely exposes un-American racial discrimination in our medical schools.

Unfortunately, discrimination is a common practice in the professional schools of our country. It is an individual, as well as a national, tragedy to single out and punish a person because of race, color, or creed. Professional schools must be open to all denominations and to all individuals regardless of whether they have the "right" or the "wrong" name.

A national investigation should follow this exposure, and those responsible for this condition removed from office. Moreover, the admission boards of our professional schools should become acquainted with the World War II casualty list. They might find it difficult to pronounce a trisyllabic name, or the religion of a dead soldier may not please them. However, it is because these men fought and died for a democratic ideal of equality that these mighty mortals continue to sit on admission boards and are able to carry on their tragedy of discrimination. They must be made aware of the fact that in America there is no room for bigotry in medicine or in any other field of human endeavor.

EDMUND H. ZABRISKIE, D.D.S.

New York City.

SIR: Dr. Frank Kingdon's article in the October issue of your magazine was read with interest and astonishment by the writer.

It is true that democracy extends equal opportunity to all—but where would equal opportunity be if any one group were to monopolize a particular profession?

Priding myself in being a believer in democracy,

all I can see here is an appeal to turn the entire medical profession over to those who profess the Jewish faith and belong to the Jewish race.

Dr. Kingdon, who may take exception to the term "race" used above, is requested to check up on the activity of the *B'nai B'rith Messenger*, official organ of the B'nai B'rith organization in Los Angeles, as well as the Los Angeles *Jewish Voice*, both of which virtually accuse Rabbi Elmer Berger of Philadelphia of being a traitor to his race because of his opposition to the Zionist movement. Rabbi Berger has been touring the country, urging members of the various congregations to be Americans first and Jews second.

This one incident should be sufficient to prove the justice and wisdom of the various medical schools in having proportionate representation.

Should the Italians or the Irish, who are more easily assimilated than the Jews, obtain control of the judiciary, as the Jews did in Poland and Austria, would Dr. Kingdon consider that democracy? The author admits that these people have, at the present time, a quota far in excess of their numbers in the medical profession. Too many people today, in search of an emotional outlet, are ready to take up the cause against the racial and religious persecution they believe exists in admission of students to professional schools.

In the writer's opinion, the cause of national unity could be better served by aiding the cause of racial proportional representation than by advocating turning an entire profession over to any race or religion.

JOHN M. KEE

Phoenixville, Pa.

SIR: In "Discrimination in Medical Colleges" in your October issue, the author makes the point that Jews are discriminated against.

The population of the United States is over 130 millions. There are five million Jews, or one twenty-eighth of the total. Dr. Kingdon says 50 per cent of the applications for enrollment in medical schools are Jews, and that of 6,000 enrolled annually "only" 500 are Jews. But that is one-twelfth of the total. So, although only one twenty-eighth of the population, Jews constitute one-twelfth of the medical students.

It would seem to me that there is discrimination against non-Jews. If only 6,000 of the 14,000 applicants are accepted, that means proportionately more non-Jews were barred than Jews.

I believe articles such as this agitate anti-Semitism. It seems to me a case of a vocal minority.

E. P. ROLLSBURGH

Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ALASKA?

SIR: I read Roy Anderson's article, "What's Wrong With Alaska?" in the October issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, very carefully.

I have just returned from a trip to Alaska with my Committee and it seems to me that Alaska needs some changes in its organic law, changes in its present tax system, a lowering of their freight, express and passenger rates and fares and, lastly, a great improvement on highways. A good highway should be built from Seattle to Ketchikan and Juneau. If this is done, Alaska can expect many thousands of tourists going there to look at the mountains, the glaciers and waterfalls and to take part in all types of sports.

At the present time, there is a monopoly in airline travel and this should be broken so other airlines could come in and help establish competitive rates. I expect to use Mr. Anderson's article in appearing before the Committee which will take up the general problems of Alaska.

A. L. MILLER, M.C.
Fourth District, Nebraska

Washington, D. C.

DIPLOMA MILLS

SIR: There is one question I should like to raise in connection with Adolph E. Meyer's article, "Diploma Mills," which appeared in your September issue. In the final paragraph of his article he says: "As long as they make no claim that their degrees have any 'rights, privileges and immunities thereunto appertaining,' the correspondence Oxforbs of America remain well within the law." As I understand it, these bogus institutions have obtained charters identical with the charters under which legitimate institutions operate. I have not assumed that the wording found on their diplomas is different from the wording found on the diplomas of first-rate institutions. If Dr. Meyer has evidence to the contrary, I should be delighted to know of it.

FRED J. KELLY
Chief, Division of Higher Education,
U. S. Office of Higher Education

Washington, D. C.

SIR: The answer to Dr. Kelly's question is perhaps best illustrated in the catalog of the College of Universal Truth, one of the intellectual assembly plants referred to in my article.

On page 10 of this document, there is a facsimile of the diploma issued by U.T. It says simply: "This certifies that John Smith is hereby issued this diploma in recognition of studies pursued

and the Board of Directors of this college by the authority of the state of Illinois, confers upon him the degree, Doctor of Divinity (D.D.). . . ."

ADOLPH E. MEYER

New York City.

SIR: After having read Adolph Meyer's article, "Diploma Mills," in the September AMERICAN MERCURY, I find myself quite puzzled as to just why so-called diplomas are given. Most people believe diplomas to be certificates obtained at the completion of a course of study.

Formerly, the furthering of an education meant the attainment of certain basic information, which would serve as the foundation for a worthwhile life. If the people would stick to the good old courses chartered by experience and proved by time, such as the basic liberal arts, they would find themselves possessing sufficient knowledge to branch out into the "novelty" lines.

GERALDINE CASSUTT

San Diego, Calif.

ECCENTRIC LITERATURE

SIR: I have just read with interest the article entitled "Eccentric Literature," in the September issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. I believe Samuel Tenenbaum is in error in stating that Joseph Smith founded Utah. History tells us that Joseph Smith was killed by a mob in Carthage, Illinois, years before the first Mormon entered Utah. It was Brigham Young who later led the Mormons to Nebraska and finally into the valley where Salt Lake City now stands. Although Joseph Smith founded Mormonism, he never lived to see Utah.

SGT. G. N. ECKLUND
Air Transport Command

Guam.

SIR: It seems to me that Samuel Tenenbaum should spend more time searching for facts when he sets out to show us that a great many writers in the past, many we revere, were just plain "loco."

No doubt Dr. Tenenbaum, whose degree in psychology indicates that he enjoys finding nutty persons, had a twinkle in his eye when he wrote "Eccentric Literature" for the September issue of THE MERCURY. He very slyly, it appears to me, takes a crack at most writers on religion. Such men aren't necessarily nuts. They are emotional, and they probably have queer ideas, just as Dr. Tenenbaum may have.

Dr. Tenenbaum apologizes for the crack at Joseph Smith, founder of Mormonism, by adding

"Smith founded Utah and has assumed a respected and important place in history." Joseph Smith was slain by a mob at Carthage, Illinois, in 1844. Brigham Young founded Salt Lake City, or Utah, in 1847.

JOHN BUNYAN ATKINS

Birmingham, Ala.

SIR: The overwhelming number of writers are normal. I should hazard the guess that as a group they show superior adjustments in all ways—in insight, intelligence, reasoning, behavior. And their products, too, represent the best thinking, feeling and reasoning of the human race. This holds for writers in all fields—science, politics, literature, art, and, yes, religion. That to me appears obvious and banal. What should strike one as amazing, it seems to me, is the existence of quantities of published material, carefully safeguarded in important libraries, written by queer, eccentric and unstable personalities. Dr. Arthur MacDonal's study, which I quoted, indicates—and this is not meant as ridicule—that the favorite themes of such persons are religious subjects. That does not mean that every writer on religious themes is queer. Eccentrics have written on mathematics. That does not make every writer on mathematics an eccentric.

I wanted to point out that at times it is very difficult to differentiate the abnormal and the neurotic from the normal and the inspired. As an example, I chose, for better or worse, Joseph Smith, who saw visions, who founded Mormonism and who was murdered before the colony under Brigham Young finally settled in the valley of the Salt Lake. The sentence in the article should have read, "Smith's visions led to the founding of Utah..." That, however, is minor to the point I wanted to make. Here is a man who might under other circumstances be called "teched," and yet he has been accorded a niche in our history books.

SAMUEL TENENBAUM

New York City.

OLD AGE AND EFFICIENCY

SIR: Ross L. Holman's article, "Old Age and Industrial Efficiency," in the September issue of your magazine, is not only true but timely. It emphasizes what many people have known but not been willing to admit—that older folk have more stability, interest in their jobs and desire to work than many youngsters. One, therefore, asks why employers in this country have insisted on youthful help and discarded those from forty up with such amazing facility.

My experience has been that youngsters do not stick but move from one position to the other with the greatest of ease. Also that they are inclined to remain away at the slightest provocation, a cold, or some other trivial reason. To sum up, it is my finding that older people have more of a sense of responsibility toward their work and their employers, and take it more seriously.

It would be interesting to have more articles on this subject which might be helpful in combatting the ideas of American business in its accent on youth, which seems to be more essential than capacity.

H. LLOYD

New York City.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM

SIR: Henry Steele Commager's review, "The Negro Problem in Our Democracy," in the June issue, deals with a problem which will become more acute than ever in our postwar period. His ideas as to a plausible solution seem sound.

However, I disagree with a few of his examples—or rather his interpretation of them. I am referring to his use of Richard Wright's *Black Boy* as an example of how the Negro feels.

Author Commager said that Wright learned of the subordinate life the Negro had to live, "before he learned to walk." The truth is that Wright faced the white people as he would any other people. It was not until he was a teen-age working boy that he began to realize that he had not only to be subordinate, but act it.

Another difference of interpretation was whether or not Wright actually hated the white as an individual. Commager said Wright expressed this hatred throughout the book. To me, Wright was not addicted to hatred of anyone. He continued to be puzzled over his set "place" in life, but it never became fierce hatred.

A third example is whether or not Wright planned on revenge—"getting back at the whites," as Commager put it. He didn't seem to want revenge—all he wanted was a chance to make a decent living for which he thought himself suitable. He was against the system, but this cannot be called desiring revenge.

A book of the style of *Black Boy* can be interpreted in many different ways, because Wright simply told his story and left the public to draw its own conclusions as to his trend of thought. It seems clear to me that Wright, as an individual, hated no one, and certainly no part of the book ever hinted that he was desirous of revenge.

S2/c R. PARKER BIRKINS, USNR

Gulfport, Miss.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 644)

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

OPPORTUNITY IN ALASKA, by George Sundborg. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Their horizons widened by the war, thousands of young Americans will probably give serious thought to the adventurous life on America's last frontier, Alaska. Mr. Sundborg thoroughly and authoritatively covers the opportunities available in Alaska's great industries — lumbering, mining and fishing — in agriculture and in the trades and professions. At the same time he points out some of the pitfalls and tries to clear up existing half-truths and misconceptions about the Territory. He is a former Alaskan newspaper man, a one-time supervisor of the Alaska Merit System (the Territory's civil service agency) and until recently a member of a joint American-Canadian staff which studied problems presented in Northwest Canada and Alaska by the opening of the Alaska Highway and the Canol Pipe Line. There is a foreword by Ernest Gruening, Governor of Alaska.

DYNAMITE ON OUR DOORSTEP, by Wenzell Brown. \$2.75. *Greenberg*. An American who taught English to squirming, neurotic and under-nourished Puerto Rican children in 1936 and 1937, and who returned to the island in 1945, has combined in this colorful book his reminiscences and his analysis of Puerto Rico's problems. The picture of the Puerto Rican character which emerges is most unflattering, and the tales of anti-American sentiment will shock many readers. Unfortunately, the author has given somewhat less than full credit to the American and local governments of recent years.

SEE HERE, PRIVATE ENTERPRISE, by H. Sabin Bagger. \$1.50. *Island Press, New York*. Labor propaganda used to be dull and platitudinous. Now the unions and their intellectual allies

have learned new tricks, and we have a book like this one, done with every artifice of picture and sub-head, put out by a new co-operative publishing firm and sold cheaply in paper covers. Written as a dialogue on economic problems, it frankly states only one side of the case on private enterprise, and does so in vibrant and quite effective fashion.

HISTORY

THE WINNING OF THE WAR, by General of the Army George C. Marshall. \$1.00 (paper-bound), \$2.50 (cloth-bound). *Simon and Schuster*. This biennial report of the Chief of Staff of the United States Army, covering the period from July 1, 1943, to June 30, 1945, is a document that all future military historians of World War II will have to consult. But it also makes exciting reading for the layman. Clearly and often dramatically, General Marshall shows how America, which in 1939 was "not even a third-rate military power," in less than four years built up a military and industrial might that dealt the decisive blow to the Axis. Till we reached that point, our security "was saved by sea distances, by Allies and by the errors of a prepared enemy." General Marshall immediately adds this warning: "For probably the last time in the history of warfare those ocean distances were a vital factor in our defense. We may elect again to depend on others and the whim and error of potential enemies, but if we do we will be carrying the treasure and freedom of this great Nation in a paper bag."

General Marshall urges universal military training of all physically able young men so that we shall be able to mobilize "an Army of 4,000,000 men within a period of one year following any international crisis resulting in a national emergency for the United States." He denies that the institution of universal military training would be "an imposition on democracy." Rather, he thinks that it "would be the most democratic expression of our national life."

General Marshall's report tends to gloss over the blunderings and the errors of judgment — some of them major — of the Army, and he probably does not give all due credit to American industry in the winning of the war. He also is not so convincing as he seems to think he is in his plea for peacetime conscription. Nevertheless, all he says carries such great authority, backed by almost unequaled experience, that it merits the closest attention.

TEXAS. AN INFORMAL BIOGRAPHY, by Owen P. White. \$3.50. *Putnam*. Mr. White, an old and valued contributor to *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, is no academic historian. He is not interested in the politicians who have made the state ridiculous, but in the men who have given it character — Sam Houston, Stephen Austin and their like — and he writes about them with gusto. This is not to say that he ignores the Fergusons, Ma and Pa, and the O'Daniel crowd. He pays his ample respects to them in some vigorous and hilarious chapters, but his chief concern is with more worthy people. Altogether his informal round-up of Texas history is pretty much a model of its kind — learned, outspoken and lively.

SOCIOLOGY

A PARTISAN GUIDE TO THE JEWISH PROBLEM, by Milton Steinberg. \$3.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. The rabbi of the Park Avenue Synagogue of New York City here takes up a variety of aspects of the Jewish problem, ethical and cultural as well as religious and ideological. Dr. Steinberg is fair and objective in presenting the points of view of those with whom he does not agree — as for example the assimilationists and anti-Zionists — but he is vigorous in presenting his own opinions. Of assimilationism he says: "The issue is no sooner raised than the assimilationist case is immediately bankrupt. It proposes a program that cannot be executed. If it is often difficult to live as a Jew, it is next to impossible to quit being one." And of Zionism he says that a Homeland for the Jewish people in Palestine "has proved its utility and practicability" and great spiritual power. There is a brief bibliography followed by a good index. Dr. Steinberg has written an intelligent and stimulating book.

BLACK METROPOLIS. A Study of Negro Life in a Northern City, by St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton. \$5.00. *Harcourt, Brace*. This is the most thorough, most objective and most readable study of one American Negro community ever published in the United States. The community is the South Side of Chicago, where over 300,000 Negroes reside. The authors have apparently left out no aspect of Chicago's South Side from their researches. They cover the community's political, economic, religious, journalistic, sexual, philosophical and entertainment activities in great detail, piling up vast masses of valid information — and for the most part, drawing only those conclusions that spring logically from the facts. Messrs. Drake and Cayton offer no cure-all for the Negro problem; they are content with presenting that problem in all its ramifications as exemplified in the second largest Negro "metropolis" on this continent. Their book is a monument to Negro scholarship. There is a long and rather pompous introduction by Richard Wright, which adds little to the book.

ANTHOLOGIES

AMERICA IS WEST, edited by John T. Flanagan. \$3.75. *The University of Minnesota Press*. The subtitle of this book is "An Anthology of Middlewestern Life," and by the Middle West the editor means the region including the twelve States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas and the two Dakotas. Eighty-four authors are represented by nearly 100 selections. Among the authors are Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, Lew Sarett, James Stevens, Carl Sandburg, Charles Allen Smart, Arthur Pound, Edward Eggleston, Stewart Holbrook, Hamlin Garland, Ruth Suckow, Ring Lardner, Clarence Darrow, Edna Ferber, George Ade, Ben Hecht, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Henry Wallace and Paul Engle. The volume makes truly fascinating reading; it is, indeed, one of the best regional books published in our time.

PROMISED LAND. A COLLECTION OF NORTHWEST WRITING, edited by Stewart H. Holbrook. \$3.50. *Whittlesey House*. The native land of Paul Bunyan here appears in its multifar-

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BIOGRAPHY

THE BACH READER, edited by Hans Daniel and Arthur Mendel. \$6.00. *Norton*. All professional and amateur musicians and music lovers will be grateful for this volume, which is unique in the literature about the great master. It "contains all the surviving sources of any importance from which our knowledge of Bach's life and reputation has been drawn" — church records, personal letters, professional correspondence, stray poems attributed to Bach, contemporary reviews and "feature stories," and so on. At the end are a great many useful bibliographical notes.

HOME TO INDIA, by Santha Rama Rau. \$2.50. *Harper*. After ten years spent in English schools and vacationing in a number of European capitals, sixteen-year-old Santha Rama Rau found herself strangely out of touch with her own country and people when she returned to India in 1939. During the two-year period which her book covers, Miss Rau met government and diplomatic officials, villagers, and young intellectuals of various shades of thought; she learned to fit herself once more into the pattern of a Brahmin household — to accept its age-old customs and traditions. Most important of all, she became aware of her own place and responsibility in a new India, which was neither Eastern nor Western. This is a simple story told with perception and humor, of the problem of readjustment which many young Indian people, educated abroad, must be ready to face.



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